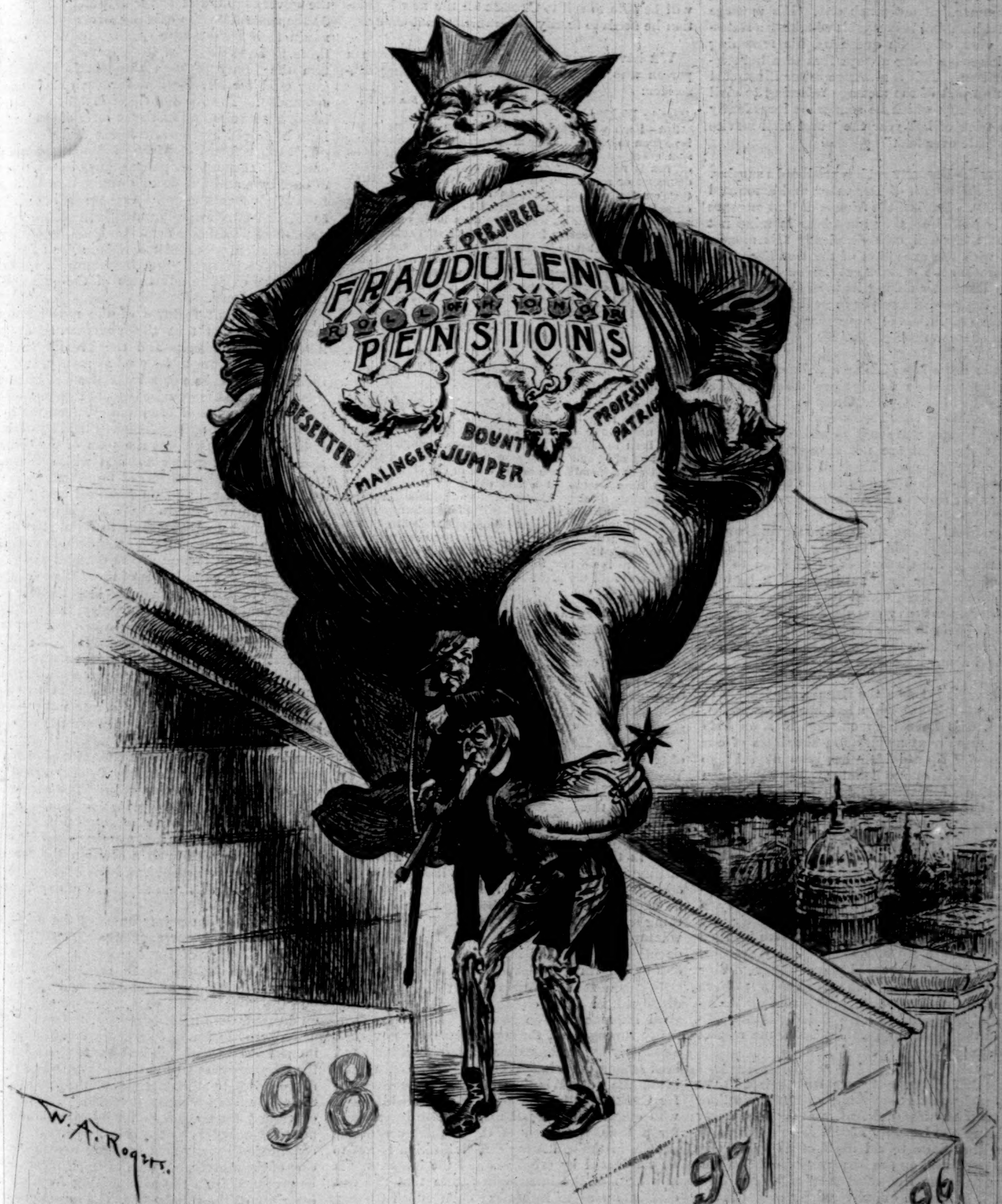
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2143.
Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


PERJURER
FRAUDULENT
ROLL OF HONOR
PENSIONS
DESERTER
MALINGER
BOUNT
JUMPER
PROFESSIO
PATRIC
98
97
96
W. A. Rogers.

AN INTOLERABLE BURDEN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 15, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy — $4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

IT is agreeable to note that all party machines are not prosperous this winter. The Republican machine of Maryland is in as much trouble as that of Ohio.

A YEAR may have taught Governor BLACK a little grammar, but not much else. His message shows that his mind is incapable of taking a statesmanlike view of public questions, his reasoning and his language being always that of a hot-tempered partisan. This is nowhere better illustrated than in that part of the message referring to civil service reform, in which he somewhat impudently calls his trick of last year the "best civil service law this State ever had."

FINALLY the DINGLEY act has produced a surplus. It was for the month of December, and amounted to $1,715,000. But lest the friends of that measure be unduly puffed up, they must bear in mind not only that there will be a deficiency this month, but that with the exception of the first December of its operation the WILSON act produced a surplus for every December during its brief life; and further, that it produced a surplus nine different times, and for each of the last four months of its existence a surplus of more than $29,000,000.

THERE is news from China and Europe that is of great importance, not only there but also in this country. In the first place, Great Britain has announced definitely that Russia and Germany, separately or together, are not to secure any privileges in China that are not also granted to the subjects of the Queen. England insists that the most-favored-nation clauses in her treaties with China shall be respected. As to her own demands, they are characteristically unlike those made by the others. All want trade, but England wants trade for all people, while the Tsar and the Kaiser want territory for themselves in addition to the control of trade for their subjects. If it be true that the Chinese loan, which Russia has not been able to secure, has been guaranteed by Great Britain, England is likely to have her way. Germany has obtained from China the grant or lease of a limited area at and about Kiao-chou Bay.

THE struggle between the Republican leaders in Ohio over the Senatorship has been disgraceful. The men who have been engaged in it on both sides are prominent among the blemishes of our government. No candidate has been named who is fit to be United States Senator. We have given our opinion of HANNA, and the leaders of the opposition to him, Senator FORAKER and Governor BUSHNELL, are no better than he. An incident that happened at the Capitol at Columbus last week illustrates the character of the campaign, and of the men engaged in it. A band of HANNA roughs, led by Congressman WEAVER, all of Springfield, Governor BUSHNELL'S home, headed by a band of music, went to Columbus, made their way to the Governor's private office, and there insulted him. All this in aid of HANNA. The Governor, in his speech, pitifully urged these ruffians, if they had no respect for him, "for God's sake, to have some for the office." One trouble is that such campaigns and such conduct have placed all Ohio politicians in the position of sadly needing the respect of the country.

WHEN the independent movement against PLATT was entered upon, immediately after the election, and in the bitterness of defeat, we took the liberty of doubting the capacity of the Republican party of New York State to rid itself of its boss. Our doubts were based on the history of similar efforts, and especially on the effort headed by Mr. CORNELIUS N. BLISS, who discovered, by actual investigation, that PLATT'S roll was fraudulent, and that no self-respecting man could associate with him even in good works. Mr. BLISS and his movement went to pieces, and Mr. BLISS himself accepted a cabinet office at PLATT'S hands, and helped PLATT play his game in aid of CROKER at the last municipal election. Therefore we submit that we had excellent reason to doubt, not the momentary genuineness of the antagonism to PLATT, but its lasting and effective quality. However, it has seemed as though the movement in New York city would amount to something, and that decent Republicans would have and maintain an organization of their own, leaving to PLATT his handful of heelers—not more than 20,000 or 25,000. This at least would make him less valuable to CROKER, and less injurious to the State. But the anti-PLATT movement has broken down in the State Legislature, and he has succeeded in electing his man O'GRADY Speaker of the Assembly. Two of PLATT'S alleged enemies—TIFFANY and DALY of Brooklyn—went over to him at the last moment—they always do—and saved the boss from a defeat that would have been a splendid triumph for good government. THOMAS F. DONNELLY, of Manhattan, was chosen as the Democratic leader. He is CROKER'S man. With PLATT in the chair, and CROKER the minority leader on the floor, PLATT will be able to sell to CROKER all the new legislation he needs to fortify his municipal autocracy.

WE have received the following letter from a person who describes himself as a departing subscriber:

> VIENNA, N. Y., *Dec. 23, 1897.*
>
> *Harpers Weekly;*
>
> SIR—I am very glad my subscription to your paper is so soon to expire. Your missrepresentations and lying slanders about pension matters is such an outragious lot of lies is reason why every fair minded man whether democrat or republican should detest your infamous attact on the old soldiers. As for H. V. Boynton that cursed liar who you have refured to in your article on pensions you know as well as he does he lies about the vast amount of pension frauds. The CLEAVLAND adminstration had a chance to show up those frauds, and you know you vile cursed liar that it was an utter failer. Why do you put forward such lies you detestable scam. You should know as you probably do it is only the worst kind of abuse to the brave defenders of this nation. I detest and abhore your lying paper and I will never subscribe for it again.
>
> THADDEUS WHEELOCK.

As this seemed to mean a very bad pension case, the record of this "brave defender of the nation" was looked up, and here it is:

> He served sixty days in the New York State militia, from June 1, 1861, to August 2, 1861, guarding the railroad near Annapolis Junction, Maryland. Claimed to have been in hospital for twenty days, though there is no record of it, and the surgeon, when found, had neither record nor remembrance of the case or the man. Claimed to have contracted a bad cold and catarrh which permanently disabled him and led to deafness. Applied for pension in 1885, and since has had four attorneys, who, together, have called at the Pension Office seventeen times for a statement of his case. Not having been mustered into the United States service, and not having served ninety days, there is no law under which a pension could be granted, even if the proof he furnished had been straight—which it was not.

The number of the claim is, "Original, 558,380." Further comment would be superfluous.

TAMMANY came into power in the city of New York with a thoroughness which ought to gratify the "boys," and which, since CROKER'S rule has been determined on, does gratify every friend of good government. Nearly every office in the "gift" of the Mayor, and some offices in the "gift" of his subordinates, were filled in the course of New-Year's afternoon. The slate had been prepared by CROKER at Lakewood, and, with a few conspicuous exceptions, there is not a man on it who would be employed by an honest private citizen in a responsible position. Many of the new officials have been in the public employment before, and then distinguished themselves both by inefficiency and corruption. It is evident that nothing better is to be expected of them now, because they know nothing better, and in their adolescent contempt for whatever is decent and respectable they look upon devotion to the public interests as one of the Sunday or reform school virtues, which they recall with shame at the softness of heart they may have displayed in their childhood under momentary good influences. The government is to be Tammany through and through—Tammany governed absolutely by an emanation of the slums, born and bred among the criminal classes. The consolation is that the worse it is, the sooner will its cure come; for CROKER will learn some day that while men who ought to be in jail may govern democracies for a time, by reason of the indifference of the people, in the end American civilization is not to be dominated by criminals and the ignorant. It is a sign of the immediate future that the first declaration as to legislation upon which CROKER and PLATT are expected to agree is an amendment to the law of libel, so that the truth may not be printed or pictured concerning these twin disgraces of the American metropolis, nor concerning the devious ways of their followers. Another law upon which the two seem to have agreed is one for the removal of the present bench of police magistrates, and repealing the provision requiring police magistrates to be lawyers. Primarily, the bosses want to be rid of the excellent men who are now on the bench. Secondarily, they both believe that ignorant laymen are better for their purpose—the purpose being to re-establish the "pull" in all its strength—than lawyers can possibly be. What they want in a police magistrate is a corrupt heart untempered by an informed mind.

THE REPORT OF THE INDIANAPOLIS MONETARY COMMISSION.

THE report of the Indianapolis Monetary Commission recommends by far the best plan of currency reform which has thus far been presented to Congress. The existing metallic money of the country is to be retained. This means that the existing gold standard, which has been at the foundation of our monetary system since 1873, is to be saved to us. Gold is to be minted freely by the government, and silver is not to be minted. At the same time the existing silver dollars are to retain their legal-tender quality, and it is to continue to be the duty of the government to maintain the parity between the metals by exchanging gold for silver whenever such exchange is demanded. The stock of silver is not to be diminished, but its circulation, in the form of certificates, is to be forced by the retirement and prohibition of all other forms of paper of denominations under $10. Thus all our paper money in small notes of one, two, and five dollars would then be in the form of silver certificates. As there are in existence 552,000,000 of silver dollars under the commission's plan, there would be a sufficient quantity of money in circulation, provided the remainder of the plan be effective in supplying the country's needs, to gratify the extreme advocates of the quantitative theory of money.

The important features of the report are the recommendations that the government demand notes—the greenbacks and the Treasury notes—shall in time cease to be used as money, and that their place shall be taken by bank-notes based not upon a diminishing public debt, but upon the business requirements of the country, upon the assets of the banks, and upon a sufficient liability of shareholders. In this respect the plan of the commission is vastly superior to that which Secretary GAGE has felt himself forced to present by reason of the state of opinion on financial questions not only in Congress, but in the White House.

We cannot do better than to follow the strong and clear reasoning of the commission's report in favor of the retirement of the demand paper, premising, for the consolation of those whose constant objection to this suggestion has been the fear of resulting contraction of the currency, that only $50,000,000 of demand notes are to be retired at once, the remainder being payable out for gold; that in the first five years the government paper is to be withdrawn only so fast as the proposed bank currency expands, and that for the next five years these notes are to be paid at a rate not exceeding twenty per cent., and that only after ten years is the legal-tender quality of the notes to cease. The commission adopts Secretary GAGE'S plan for the establishment in the Treasury Department of a division of issue and redemption. The adoption of this is to be the first step in the final divorce of the government from the banking business. Moreover, it is an essential step under existing conditions, because with such a division the securities held by the government as a basis of our monetary system will be safe from the attack of exporters and hoarders of gold.

The commission points out that the original issue of greenback currency was a departure from the sound policy of the country, in pursuance of which "our fathers never made anything full legal-tender money except gold and silver," but "in the stress of civil war . . . : forms of debt due on demand were used as money, not as the result of deliberation, but of emergency conditions." The immediate effect of this first issue, at a time when the Treasury was without resources, was to disarrange prices, to stimulate speculation, and to make the medium of exchange unstable. The ill results of violent fluctuation and wild speculation were most severely felt by the small producer. As the commission says, "men of large wealth can take care of themselves, but men of small means should be protected from the evils arising from such uncertainty of the standard." The argument of the commission may be greatly strengthened by reference to business conditions that in 1893 followed the doubts then felt as to the character of our standard. The mere suspicion that the silver men in Congress would be able to debase that standard brought on the panic from which only now are we perhaps beginning to recover.

The maintenance of this paper currency, which, as the commission says, represented not property, but a debt, has been, and continues to be, very expensive. In order to sustain it a redemption fund must be maintained, and a redemption fund is costly. Since Congress has been appropriating for expenditures greatly in excess of the revenues of the government, the maintenance of the redemption fund has been a grievous burden. During Mr. Cleveland's last administration it necessitated the borrowing of a vast sum of money, resulting in the increase of the public debt by $262,000,000. While the extravagance of Congress would have more than exhausted the surplus, and would have made necessary an increase of the debt, or practical bankruptcy, it was the existence of the greenback and the Treasury note that compelled the issue of the larger part of the new bonds. And at the same time it was the indifference of Congress to the exigencies of the money system—an indifference always to be reckoned with—that compelled the government to pay a high rate of interest for the money which it was forced to borrow. So that the demand notes, although drawing no interest themselves, are not really a non-interest-bearing debt. On the contrary, they constitute a most expensive form of debt, and, as the commission points out, the debt represented by the greenbacks could have been more easily borne by the country if it had long ago been refunded in bonds bearing a low rate of interest.

In view of all the ills that are incident to these demand notes, they should be withdrawn, and cease to exist as money. They are expensive; they represent a debt, and not property, so that value must be purchased by the government for their maintenance; but chiefly they are subject not only to the vagaries of the currency and economic opinions of Congress, but to the disastrous effects of the suspicions of Congressional soundness and knowledge which are so often and so naturally felt and manifested by those who control the money markets of the world. From these suspicions and their resultant fluctuations of the value of our currency the producer and the small capitalist suffer, while the banker and the capitalist make money.

The commission recommends that the place of the retired demand notes be supplied by bank-notes. It assumes the position, the soundness of which has been tested by experience, that a bank-note, unlike a greenback, is not a debt, but, fraud excluded, "is never issued except for a consideration in negotiable property of equal or greater value. The bank-note comes forth as a sequel of a business transaction, and is based on the active property of the country which is passing between producers and consumers. This property is always negotiable, and always equal to the duty of meeting the note liability. Bank-notes are as sound as the business transactions of the country." The argument in favor of substituting bank-notes based on business for greenbacks based on debt has been so often presented to the readers of the Weekly that we shall not repeat it. It is sufficient to say that the commission's plan contemplates a secure system, which will provide bank-notes that will not, like the government's demand notes, grow more difficult of obtaining as the necessity for them increases, but which shall automatically meet the needs and demands of the business of the country.

The provision for security is as follows:

> While providing for a partial use of bonds for securing notes (25 per cent. of the capital), the commission proposed that notes beyond this should be issued on all instead of a part of the resources of a bank, and after ten years that no special bond security should be required. Banks may issue notes up to 60 per cent. of their capital without restraint; for issues beyond 60 per cent. and up to 80 per cent. they pay a tax of 2 per cent.; for those beyond 80 per cent. and up to 100 per cent. they pay a tax of 6 per cent. These notes would be a prior lien upon all the resources of the bank, and, in addition, upon the stockholders' liability. Moreover, all banks issuing notes contribute 5 per cent. of their circulation as a permanent guarantee fund. For daily redemptions banks should keep a 5 per cent. redemption fund in the hands of the Comptroller of the Currency. Banks of $25,000 capital may be established in places of 4000 inhabitants, and branches of banks are also permitted.

Certainly this is most ample provision for circulation and for security when we consider that 80 per cent. of the bank capital of the country in 1893 would have then provided $550,000,000 in bank-notes, instead of $226,000,000, the aggregate of bank paper which had been issued by 1896 in response to the demands of the country, the circulation in 1895 having been only $175,000,000. Moreover, the total assets of the banks would provide security for such a circulation to the amount of more than 7 of assets to 1 of notes.

If Congress will settle the money question on the basis of this report, all our business troubles will be over, so far as they are the result of an unsound monetary system—a system always subject not only to the whims and fancies of the majority in Congress, but to the fear of business men that mere whims and fancies will some time have their will in currency legislation.

PATRONAGE AND MONEY.

The Washington correspondent of one of our daily newspapers recently told the following significant story: "Representative Dovener, Republican, from West Virginia, asserted in an interview that when you stripped Congressmen of their home patronage you made it impossible for a poor man to come to Congress. The power to give offices to his workers gave him his only strength as against the rich man with his money." Mr. Dovener does not stand alone with this view. It may be remembered that about a year ago one of the pillars of the Republican machine in New York, Mr. Abraham Gruber, when setting out to save the Republic by abolishing the civil service laws, advanced substantially the same theory in support of the spoils system. And several other political philosophers of the same stripe are seeking, by similar reasoning, to present the practice of using public offices as reward for party service in the light of a necessary evil—if an evil at all—to guard against the growth of the more dangerous power of money in politics. It cannot be denied that this idea has a sort of superficial plausibility. But it is contradicted by plain facts.

That the power of money in politics has during the last quarter of a century, in fact since the close of the civil war, increased in an alarming degree is undoubtedly true. But is it not also true that it had so increased while the spoils system was in full operation? For it will be admitted that until recently the extension of the civil service rules has interfered very little with what Mr. Dovener calls the "home patronage" of members of Congress. It is clear, therefore, that the spoils system has not had the practical effect of preventing wealth from acquiring that influence in our political life which it now actually wields. Besides, will not the rich man, when he enters upon a contest with a poor competitor for a seat in Congress, have just the same opportunities for using the "home patronage," either by way of promise or of performance, for his advantage that his poor rival has? And will he not use those opportunities just as much as the poor opponent does? Nay, will he not be able to use them even with greater effect than his poor rival can use them, for the simple reason that the prestige of wealth is likely to give him greater influence with those in power, and that the "workers" who are induced by the patronage to "hustle," and who therefore may be presumed to be of a somewhat mercenary disposition, will most readily turn to the candidate who has most to offer? It thus becomes evident, after a fair analysis of circumstances, that the spoils system which preserves the "home patronage" of Congressmen as a political agency does not only not put in the hands of the poor candidate a power equivalent in political effect to the money of the rich competitor, but does actually add to the money power of the rich man the opportunity for handling the patronage to his own advantage with greater efficacy. If it were true that the poor candidate without home patronage had but a small chance against a rich competitor, then he would have hardly any chance at all if the rich competitor had the power of money and of patronage combined on his side.

But does it not occur to Mr. Dovener and his fellow-philosophers that his whole reasoning is based upon the assumption that our Congressional elections must be decided by one sort of corruption or another, and that the question is merely which sort of corruption gives the best chance to the poor candidate? The use of the "home patronage" means simply that the candidate wins the active support of certain politicians or "workers" by promising them or by procuring for them certain public positions, or, to speak more precisely, certain salaries to be paid by the government out of the public funds drawn from the pockets of the people, without distinction of party, by means of taxation. In other words, the candidate seeks to win his election not solely by persuading the voters that his principles of public policy are correct and that he deserves their confidence, but by promising or procuring to a number of persons certain things of value. This, looked at in its true light, is somewhat in the nature of bribery, and it is so treated in various "corrupt-practices acts." In this case the character of the practice is aggravated by the fact that the salaries are not paid out of his own means by the person benefited by the transaction, but out of the pockets of the people at large, of the opponents of the candidate concerned as well as of his party friends. Nor can it be said that the people receive an equivalent for the salaries so paid, in the shape of efficient public service, for it is a notorious fact that under the patronage system many expensive salaried positions are maintained for which there is no need, and that political "workers" put into office by way of reward are, on the average, not as efficient and devoted public servants as those selected solely by reason of their fitness for the duties to be performed. It can therefore truly be said that the public patronage is used in the interest of candidates for election at the expense of the people, including those citizens who are politically opposed to the beneficiaries. Judging it from this point of view, the use of the patronage is less defensible even than the use of money, inasmuch as the candidate who buys votes or other political support with cash takes that cash at least out of his own pocket, or out of the pockets of friends who voluntarily contribute it.

This, indeed, is not the current popular view of the matter. The people have become so accustomed to seeing the patronage of the government used for electioneering or other partisan purposes that the essentially immoral character of the practice is but little thought of. But this blunting of the popular conscience is one of the worst effects that the prevalence of the spoils system has produced. How far this demoralizing confusion of ideas has gone is strikingly illustrated by the matter-of-fact coolness with which practical politicians, as in this instance, take it for granted that a contest for a seat in Congress is largely a struggle between two different kinds of corruption, and consider only which of those different kinds of corruption will give this or that class of candidates the best chance—as if the only honest and legitimate way of carrying an election was entirely out of the question. Indeed, it looks as if they had entirely forgotten, or wished the people to forget, that contests for seats in Congress, or for other high public offices, should be contests between different principles, policies, and opinions, in which men should be pitted against each other as candidates who on one side and the other are most capable of commending those principles, policies, and opinions to popular approval, or who, in point of ability and character, can be most implicitly trusted to give them effect, if successful in the election. That political contests in this country have so largely ceased to answer this description is owing to the development of the mercenary spirit in our politics, and no man conversant with our political history will deny that the development of that mercenary spirit is attributable to the use of the patronage in securing or rewarding partisan or personal service more than to anything else. The use of the patronage has incessantly stimulated the mercenary element, and organized it, and made it a power which in many places has become the ruling one. Political bribery with offices preceded political bribery with money; in fact, the one paved the way for the other. The man whose influence in politics rests upon the use of money will, therefore, always be found to be in favor of the spoils system, which permits the use of patronage; for the mercenary forces kept active by that system are the most efficient tools in his hands. The abolition of the spoils system, the discontinuance of the use of the patronage as a political agency, and the consequent disorganization of the mercenary element, would deprive the money politician of his most active and potent support.

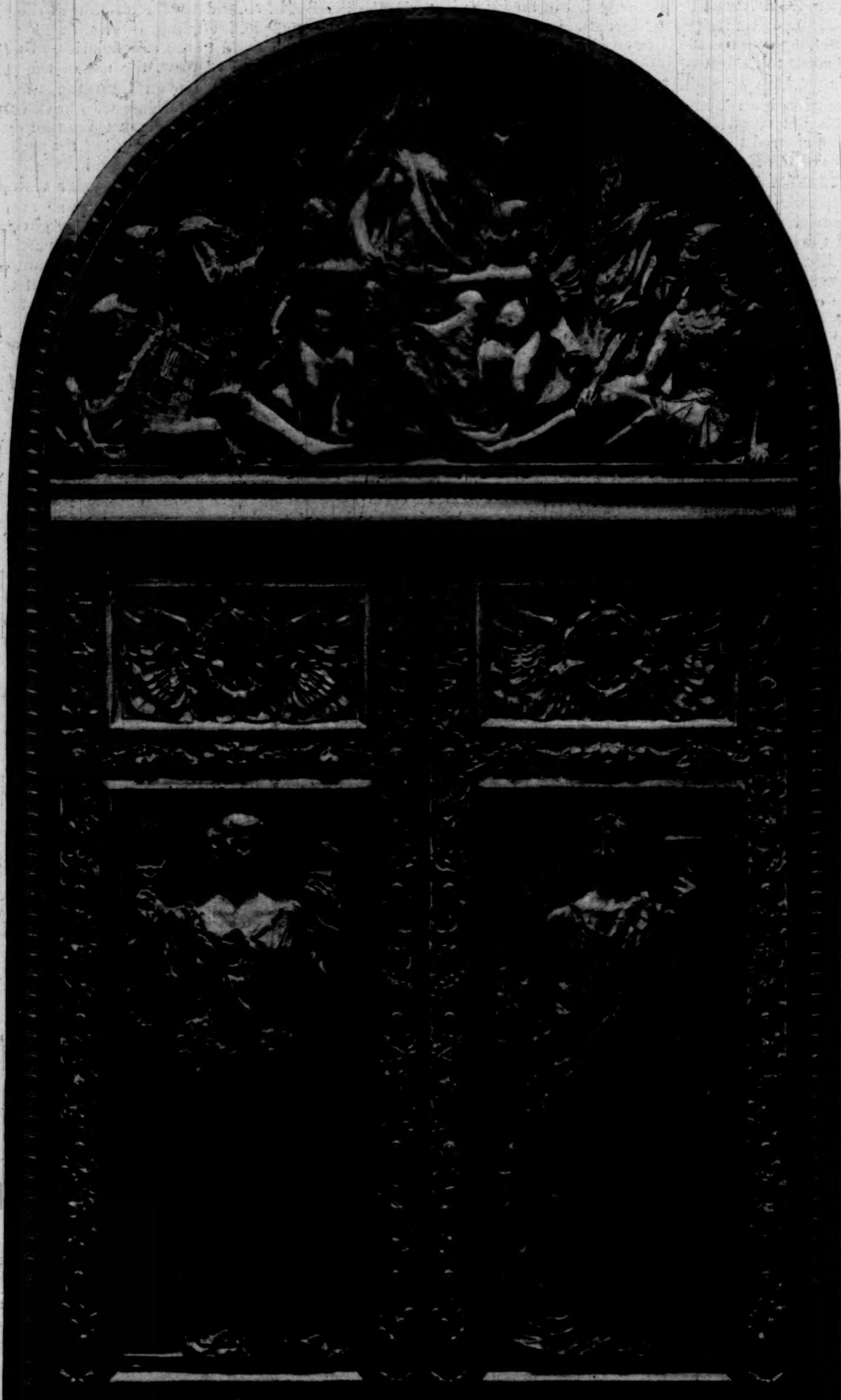
Mr. Dovener is right in thinking that the abolition of the patronage would greatly diminish the chances of that candidate for Congress who is poor not only in money, but also in ability and character. The politician whose principal capacity consists in a clever distribution of post-offices and revenue places and in a shrewd management of his home machine will, indeed, find his glory gone. And nothing better could happen to our political life than the complete extinction of that glory. But the candidate who, although poor in money, is rich in ability and high moral attributes, will have an infinitely more promising field before him. When pitted against a rich man whose main reliance is his wealth, he will find the power of money in politics, without that organization of the mercenary element which only the spoils system can keep up, a far weaker adversary than it ever was with that auxiliary at its back. And he will find his appeals to the people against that corrupting power far more commanding if he himself appear before the public as a man free from all entanglements of a questionable nature, and relying entirely on his own mental and moral qualifications as a statesman.

Carl Schurz.

ART.

THE APPLIED ARTS.—HERBERT ADAMS'S BRONZE DOOR.—MISS CECILIA BEAUX'S PORTRAITS.

ALL sorts of breezes, more or less fitful, ruffle the surface of art, but the current is once more setting with increasing steadiness and strength towards the point where art becomes the handmaid that ministers to the practical needs of men. Painters and sculptors are working with the architects, not only in beautifying buildings, but in giving an artistic perfection to the furnishings and utensils. Stained glass, mosaic, wall-papers and fabrics, furniture, posters, book and magazine illustrations, are only some of the numerous avenues of activity which the movement opens up to the artist. It is quite within recent years that it has reached our shores, but, now that it is come, its continuance and its spread are assured, for it appeals exactly to the democratic conditions of the national life. It brings the masses in touch with art, and in the way most likely to influence them—by daily contact. Museums do much to refine and cultivate the thousands who visit them, but their usefulness would be small compared with a diffusion of art amongst all the things of every-day life. That is the goal to which the movement in favor of the "applied arts" is directed, and undeniably none could be nobler. No doubt it is a long way off, but that is no reason for despairing of the possibility of reaching it. Nor is the material character of American life a bar to it. The Athenians of Pericles's time, the Italians of the Renaissance, and the Netherlanders were material enough, and fully as bent on matters merely mercenary, and yet they surrounded themselves with the evidences, in small things as well as big, of taste and refinement. There is no incompatibility between materialism and art, especially when at the back of both is a strong pride in citizenship. A large share of the credit for what has already been accomplished is due to the architects. On them devolves the execution of the biggest evidences of improved taste, and they have it in their power to combine with their own work that of the painters and sculptors. Because it is a government building, the new Library of Congress is one of the most encouraging object-lessons, and the attention which has been turned upon it is quite intelligible.



"MANUSCRIPT."
Bronze Door designed by Herbert Adams for Main Entrance of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

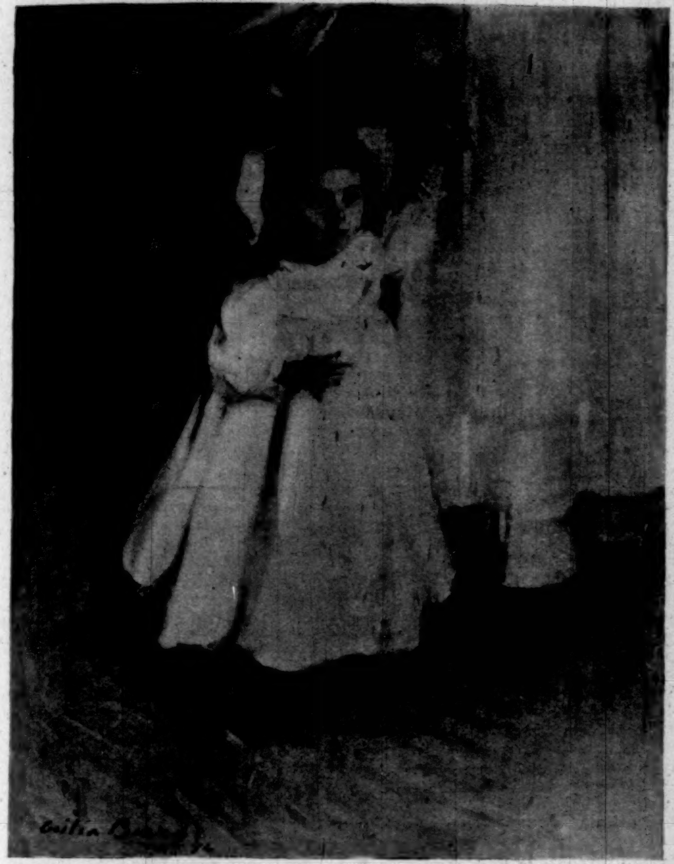
Almost the final touch will be put to it in a few weeks' time by the erection of Herbert Adams's bronze door, of which an illustration appears herewith. It will be remembered that the main approach upon the west front is by three arched doorways. In the centre is already placed the door executed by Frederick Macmonnies, and to the left of it the one designed by the late Olin L. Warner. The latter had also received the commission for the third one, and left two unfinished sketches for the figures on the chief panels. These were handed to Mr. Adams, to whom the work was assigned. With characteristic fidelity he has tried to preserve the intention of the deceased sculptor so far as the posing of the figures is concerned, but has inevitably impressed upon them and the whole door his own personality. The subjects represented in the three are respectively Oral Tradition, Printing, and Manuscript. To symbolize the last Mr. Adams places a female figure in the centre of the tympanum, or curved space, with two little winged boys at her knees. At her side are figures representing the four peoples whose writings have contributed most to civilization. Kneeling in the background are the Jew and the Christian; reclining in front, the Egyptian and Greek. Owing to the deep recess of the masonry, this part will be chiefly lighted by reflection from the pavement, and the tendency will be for the shadows to come above instead of below the figures. The sculptor has done all he could to obviate this by excessive rounding of certain portions and by leaving his background perfectly plain, so that the figures may obtain all possible value. It is very interesting to note how he has secured decorative variety. The key-stone of the composition is the strong, almost severe sitting figure in the centre, with drapery over her head, which by its shadow gives emphasis to the face. This important mass is firmly established against the smooth background, which is relieved by the slight elevation of the simple statuesque forms of Jew and Christian. Woven across these is the graceful intricacy of the nude limbs of the boys and end figures, which give vivacity and elegance. In the illustration some may feel that the tympanum is too emphatic for the rest of the door. But Mr. Warner and Mr. Macmonnies have treated their corresponding spaces with equal excess of force, and the reason is clear. All three have anticipated the deficiency of light, and, moreover, by compelling attention to this upper part have increased the apparent height and dignity of the whole design. All, though working independently, have modelled the single figures on the panels in comparatively low relief, and, for the reasons stated, their justification seems complete.

The right-hand figure in Mr. Adams's design is Research, with the olive branch of peace and the torch of enlightenment, and the other is Truth, who holds, besides the mirror, the serpent, symbolizing wisdom. In the types he has chosen and the arrangement of the drapery Mr. Adams's peculiarly sensitive touch is plainly visible. His work has the quality of one of Shakespeare's songs, artistically complete, but eloquent by suggestiveness rather than actual expression. It is always thoughtful, yet not too deep; sweet, but never trivial. His sentiment hovers between the intellectual and the emotional, and eludes any attempt to catch and fix it.

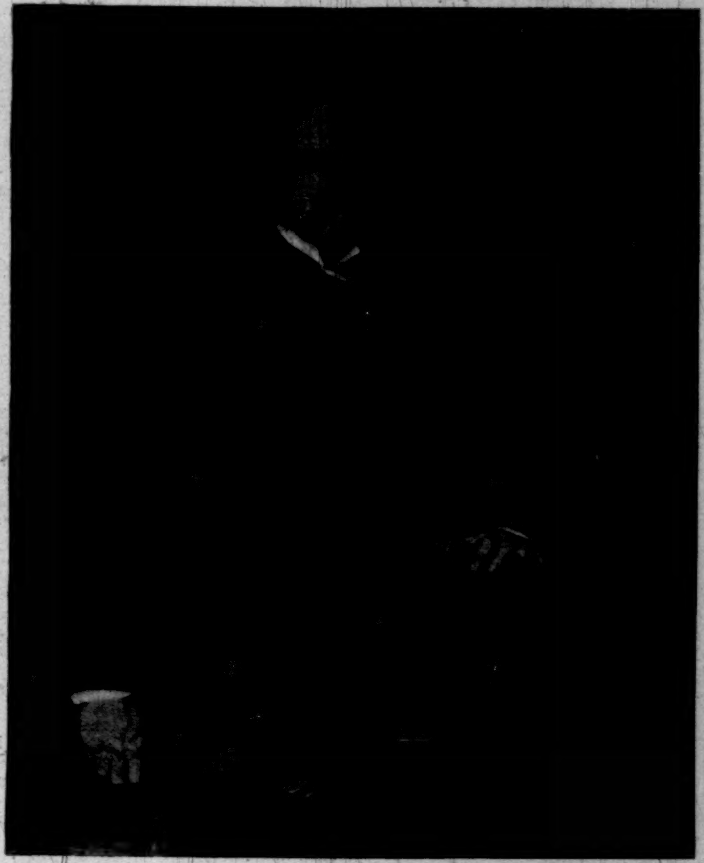
Just the same feeling is expressed in the decorative treatment of his borders. The stiles and rails are ornamented with a flowing design based upon orchids, roses, morning-glories, and fruit. Every bit of it has been composed with as much fertility of imagination and loving care as he expended upon the figures. Although the repetition of some well-known motive would have been perfectly legitimate, he has so much reverence for the small things as well as the big things of his art that he has created a new one, and added to the *ensemble* a richness and interest that cannot be too warmly acknowledged. In the actual treatment, also, he has shown that he possesses the true instinct of the decorator. His leaves and stems and blossoms have all the manifold varieties and surprises that nature displays, and yet their luxuriance is subdued to the conventional regularity that is so essential to good decoration. While John Williams, the founder, is entitled to congratulation for the general excellence of the casting, special praise is certainly due to the manner in which these borders have been executed. Each leaf of the door weighs nearly a ton, and to ensure stability it was decided to cast it in one piece. But this made it impossible to secure the "undercutting" of the borders. When they issued from the mould they were as flat as the ornaments upon a stove. The crispness and fleshiness of the foliage and flowers and the generous depth of shade were subsequently obtained by graving. It was a long operation, needing the utmost patience, but sculptor and artisan worked together, and the spirit of the original model has been reproduced with most delightful truthfulness. The prolonged contact of the workman's hands with the bronze mellowed the harsh glitter of the metal, producing a charming patina, into harmony with which, by the use of chemicals, Mr. Adams has brought the rest of the door.

This union of the artist and artisan is by no means the least interesting feature of this door. It marks the way in which art can best be applied to the crafts. It is not by one man in his studio making a design and another in his shop executing it that improvement is to be obtained, but by the two getting together and learning from each other. In Boston this is being practically tested, for the Arts and Crafts Society has taken a room where artists and artisans can meet and confer. The experiment will be watched with interest.

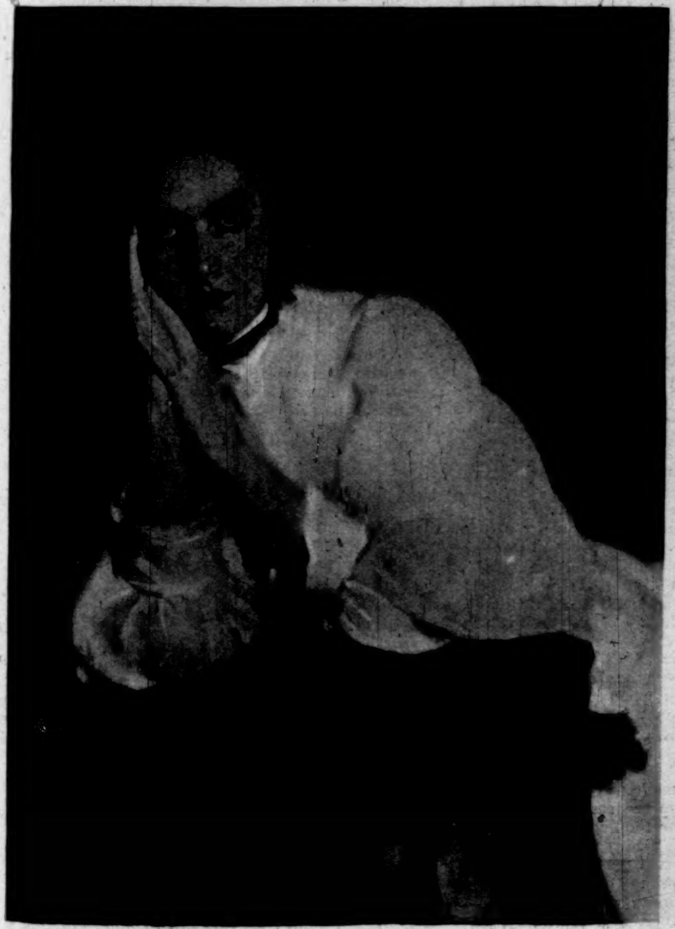
After some of the recent portrait displays in this city the exhibition at the American Art Gallery of about thirty examples of Miss Cecilia Beaux's work was a welcome relief. This lady's intention is not to exploit her techni-



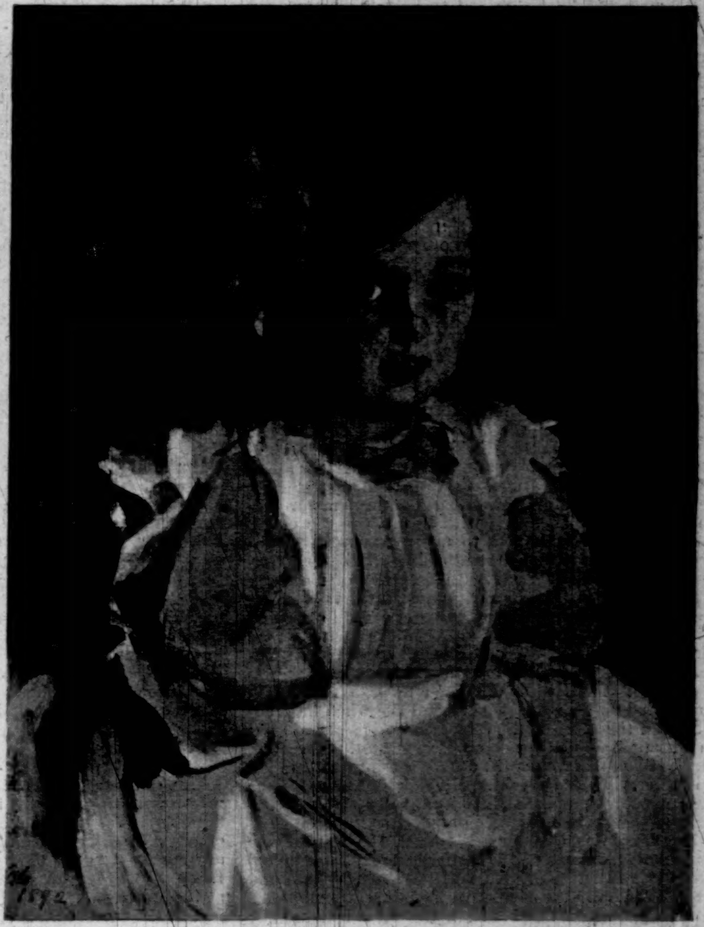
ERNESTA.



DR. GRIER.



THE DREAMER.



CYNTHIA.
Owned by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

PORTRAITS BY CECILIA BEAUX.—By Courtesy of the American Art Association.

cal skill; to use the sitter as a model; to seize some characteristic and exaggerate it with a boldness and recklessness that will compel an exclamation of approval from the thoughtless. She has technical skill of a very high order, a strong and persuasive method, but she subordinates both to the purpose of representing as truthfully and reverently as possible the personality of the subject. One can believe that she makes her sitters at once aware of the singleness and sincerity of her motive, for they seem so much at their ease, displaying so unaffectedly what we feel must be their happiest side. Every one of these portraits has thus a personal charm quite apart from any facial characteristics. They are most agreeably human. To a certain extent they are lacking in distinctness of character. Our knowledge of them, except in a few cases, does not go deeper than a pleasant acquaintanceship. The picture is a gracious summing up of the general characteristics, and it is only here and there that one reflects some of the underlying qualities of the sitter. One of these is "The Dreamer," reproduced above, a face full of beautiful possibilities and the sweet earnest wonder of girlhood that has reached the point "where the brook and river meet." The position of the arms seems a little hard and overstudied, but the sweep of the body, and, above all, the fascination of the face, win us to complete contentment. The frankness and kindliness of Miss Beaux's method are shown, perhaps, most charmingly in her portraits of children. No picture could better express the winsome simplicity of childhood than the sketch of "Cynthia," also reproduced. Notwithstanding its intelligence, it is still a baby face, with fresh unconscious innocence. The way in which the nurse is cut in half below the waist in the picture of "Ernesta" is a very questionable experiment. It is only fair to say that the reproduction accentuates the bizarreness of the effect, because it does not reveal the firmness with which the baby is painted. By this means the painter has distracted attention from the nurse and fastened it fairly on the child. Still, the picture savors of a *tour de force*, undertaken to prove that it can be accomplished—a motive which is out of harmony with the lovable simplicity of the little central figure.

It is often remarked that Miss Beaux is not so happy in her rendering of men as of women and children. Very likely this is due to her tendency to sum up all the charming traits and characteristics which readily meet the eye, and these are just the points in which the average man is deficient. Her portrait of Dr. Grier was the best of the male subjects, perhaps, just because he has a picturesquely striking face. But it is difficult to feel that the picture would help us to do more than recognize the gentleman. We are at a loss when we try to know him, because the character is obscured by the picturesque treatment. The very excellence of Miss Beaux's work, and the evident power and purpose displayed in it, encourage one to feel confident that she will in time cultivate more penetration.

Charles H. Caffin.

MUSIC.

We have managed remarkably well and interestingly thus far in the months since October without an opera season. But there is no need of making too much of a virtue that is necessity. Part of the serenity with which we have abstained from what we could not get has been gained from the fact that we were warned of our predicament as long ago as last spring. We made long faces when Mr. Grau's complicated reasons for letting us severely alone till next winter became obvious. All summer was not too long to let the fact sink into our minds that there would be no official undertaking at the Metropolitan. Another excellent reason for our tranquillity was in expecting Mr. Damrosch, the second Richmond in the field, to take full advantage of the situation, and, in his good time, to give us at least a few weeks of what is the most ambitious and attractive operatic scheme he has yet made successful. Mr. Damrosch has undertaken it with a partner, Mr. Ellis, wooed from Boston and the cold chaste joys of looking after the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Next week, accordingly, will bring the Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis and their array of men singers and of women singers to New York. Already there has been a long test of the abilities of the company in Philadelphia. The season here in a fair sense will be "official" to our Opera-House, after all. For it is understood that a subsidy from the directors backs the five weeks for which the Metropolitan is leased. The company is a large one. It is on its face a strong one. On aspects of its prospectus it can compare well artistically with the troupes that have been controlled by Mr. Grau at the same house. Numbers are not everything in an opera company. In fact we have seen that numbers may mean superfluity, and—by paradox—shortcomings as to trustworthy singers with large repertories. The Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis have not Madame Emma Eames nor Madame Calvé. But they have Mesdames Melba and Nordica and Madame Gadski—all three of them sopranos, beyond dispute, of the first rank. We are not to hear Mr. Jean de Reszké. But we can spare Jean-Thaddeus, of Warsaw, for once. If Mr. Kraus really can and will sing this year in New York as well as we are assured that he can sing elsewhere, he is welcome. Mr. Salignac is a notably valuable French tenor, both in lyric and dramatic rôles—one whose abilities, by-the-bye, were rather ungenerously clouded under the conditions that brought him first to us last year. Mr. Rothmühl returns to New York again, and is a German "heroic" tenor of strong individuality in his best rôles. Mr. Bispham and Mr. Campanari and Mr. Stehmann need no new commendations. Miss Seygard is a young artist distinctly of authority and versatility in useful measure. Certain old friends, some of them recruited from under the very nose of Mr. Grau, are Mesdames Van Canteren and Mattfeld, and Messrs. Vanni, Viviani, Staudigl, and Fischer, the last our first *Hans Sachs* in Wagner's "The Mastersingers." Really only the invaluable, indestructible, and always welcome little Miss Bauermeister seems to be wanting from this capable rear-guard. A valuable extra conductor is offered in Mr. Bimboni—a born leader.

As to the distinctively newer singers that Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis control for our encouragement this season, it is a generally accepted local opinion that music-reviewers of our haughty town run criminal risks in thinking two thoughts over praise or blame that may come from critics elsewhere. It is this fine sensibility that has made New York Greater. Hence we may as well wait to hear quite in our own house Miss Toronta, Madame Barna, and Madame Brazzi, along with Mr. Ibos and Mr. Boudouresqué, before qualifying their artistic standing in any way. There are, too, peculiar conditions that affect more or less acutely the voices and the art of almost every singer, male or female, that sings in the Metropolitan. Our Opera-House is a curious problem, and in many traits it is a bad problem. Of Madame Barna it may be said that she is a lyrico-dramatic soprano, young, a Californian, foreign-trained, and rather identified with Italy's operatic cities. Madame Staudigl is known to many American opera-goers as both a lyric and dramatic singer in several German localities, including Baireuth, and was of the stock company in Berlin's reformed opera. She is a wide-voiced artist, equal to both soprano and contralto responsibilities. Madame Brazzi is an American contralto, for several years touring and under season-contracts in Europe. Miss Toronta is a Canadian, and a protégée of Madame Melba. Mr. Ibos is a French tenor, a Toulousain by birth, and only on the stage since 1885, when he graduated from the Conservatory at Paris. He already has been busy professionally in Paris, Brussels, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Milan, and a long list of larger Continental cities, and is a favorite of Massenet. Mr. Boudouresque (whose name somehow sounds as if it ought to be either "boudoiresque" or "picturesque," or possibly "Prince Boudroulboudour") is a French barytone, the son of the eminent bass formerly of the Paris Opéra; a professional to the same since 1889. He will be *Mephistopheles* and *Marcel* and so on in the company's French representations. A distinctly American aspect of the troupe is increased by the presence of such useful members as Mr. Van Hoose, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Rains, and others.

It was in full wisdom that Mr. Damrosch's present operatic policy was enlarged not only past a stale and merely Wagnerian scheme of performances, but advanced on German opera and on opera of any kind sung merely in German. The necessity for giving our public a broader repertory and for keeping clear of reliance on Wagner for a whole season has been obvious. We have learned our great lyric and dramatic lesson thoroughly. Our public have concluded that there are other teachers—in fact, that before Wagner there were great opera-writers, and that after him there have been others. As it happens—or does not exactly happen—the repertory for Mr. Damrosch's coming season is not a striking one. It is made out quite on the lines of Mr. Grau's conventional list. Everything in it that is likely to be given we have heard, and heard and heard again. The assortment of operas promised has not, however, a Wagnerian ponderosity. We are not unrelieved of the killing turgid monotony of dark music-dramas, which seem only the heavier entertainment as our sense of their unmusical contents grows riper—these are in a tolerably subdued proportion. "La Traviata" and "Aïda" in Italian will balance "Tristan und Isolde" and "The Dusk of the Gods" in their architectural German. "Carmen" and "Faust" will support French musicianship and singing in French. Mr. Damrosch even intimates that American opera and opera in English will be included by way of "The Scarlet Letter." But we must hope that his sense of variety and his courage as a composer will not go so far.

This repertory question is a curious one in this country. We get tired of hearing the same works, even admitting their rich contents. It is puerile and fallacious for an impresario to say that "there are no new operas" for which it is "worth while" to secure the right of performance and to introduce in this city and elsewhere. Mr. Grau has said that there are not many masterpieces, to be sure. There are not many master-workers in music of any kind at present—worse luck! But there are dignified, interesting, nervous, successful operas abroad, sufficient to vary the dull course of our seasons, especially if the company singing be made up for giving operas of various schools in several languages. Of course judgment must be used. There is risk with the new in music, as in letters. But to say that because no opera new to Germany, to France, to Italy, to Austria, is "worth while," merely because it is not composed by genius on a plane with that of Wagner, of Gounod, of Verdi, nor in assured vogue—what nonsense! The operatic manager in America cannot afford too many experiments? He will find out presently that he must afford some.

Of course the tread-mill repertory in our operatic seasons of late is a matter not only of the manager's distrust of what operas may be new; of his distrust of even the new ones most advertised in Europe; of his aggrieved sense of what is often really the ignorance of the American public toward a new development in music and a work of real individuality. But there are other reasons. The star system limits the repertory; for the star must sing so many times, and wishes the least trouble in adjusting the matter. He or she must be a star of heaven nowadays if warm to the idea of learning new rôles. The star will draw the public sufficiently in the old ones. But in a large stock opera troupe, such as the one presently to be before us, many of the important singers have a vastly larger repertory than their American contract demands. They have had to keep that repertory in practice; at home, they must assume the virtue of versatility even if not naturally possessing it. Often it is admirably assumed. There are several German stages in especial which are always fine training-schools in a wide and classic repertory—not to speak of their putting singers fairly speedily in touch with new operas of many other than German origin.

And the use of the forbidding word "classic" in connection with a repertory at once is a reminder of the fact that if a manager does not wish to pay royalties and expend money on novelties for his season, he can refresh us wonderfully by including works neglected here winter by winter. We are told, often, that it is amazing what a list of operas of importance New York has heard. Yes, and amazing what standard operas it never hears! The tale of present omission as to Mozart, Weber, Marschner, Goldmark, Spohr, Méhul Cherubini, Berlioz, Halévy, Smetana, and others is a curious reckoning. Even the fact that our opera-house is ill-contrived for other than the operas of large form—even the admission that much academic writing is not too eloquent to the taste of this century's end—do not alter the aspects of the neglect. No, it need not mean bankruptcy to the judicious manager to enlarge a bit what has become known in musical agencies abroad as "the regular American repertory." As for the charm and even dignity of Continental ballets-of-action, we have never had one, out of a long and brilliant series, more than half-decently attempted.

During the last few years have been heard abroad a dozen new operas that—out of a vast catalogue of unsuccessful ones, or merely local in favor—have in a majority of cases fallen into repertory. We need recall only Kienzl's "The Evangelist," Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," Vincent d'Indy's "Fervaal," Chabrier's "Gwendoline," Hummel's "Mara," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and "La Vie Bohème," Enna's "The Witch," Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," Mozkovsky's "Boabdil," Franck's "Ghiselle," von Chelieus's "Hasheesh," and the new operas on neo-classic lines by Bungert—of which the last is "The Return of Ulysses." Apparently none of these are safe risks in the estimation of Mr. Damrosch. And when you come to think of it, there might still be money made with "The Bohemian Girl" in Italian; and with what is often called "Ill Trovatory."

The Society of the Musical Arts made us debtor for the most interesting musical incident of the series of entertainments thus far by producing for the first time in this country Mascagni's "Zanetto" last Tuesday evening. The announcement of it drew an audience perceptibly more musical, and even more attentive, than any one yet obvious at the series, in which such a production was merely an incident. "Zanetto" is yet a relatively new score in Europe—at least it is but two years old, not in general hearing, and probably will not be so. The libretto follows carefully the well-known and exquisite little one act, one scene, one situation of Coppée's drama. The original French contents are slight dramatically; in fact, Coppée is more the poet than the dramatist here, as in other matters by him. There is no more play-acting to be followed than comes with the meeting between *Sylvia* the courtesan and *Zanetto* the innocent country lad, whom the generous-minded woman refuses to receive into her dissolute household, lest he be a castaway—like others in it.

The work will surprise many—and agreeably. Mascagni has caught the poetry, the subdued tragedy, of Coppée's verse admirably. His score is entirely in the new Italian style. Essentially it is a music-drama. Only two singers are needed. They never sing even a phrase together. The dialogue is individualized as in the speaking-drama. There is not one duet. No chorus is called in. There is hardly an aim at a prelude. The abruptness of beginning and ending is in keeping with the economy of time and musical setting Mascagni has observed first and last. The conversation between *Sylvia* and *Zanetto* moves swiftly back and forth, episode by episode, with varying musical intensity, until the last syllable and note, with usual operatic forms wholly absent save a bit of a *ballata*, twice heard. Mascagni out-Wagners Wagner in his æsthetic conscientiousness.

The music of "Zanetto" is distinctly interesting. It is singularly beautiful throughout, and occasionally distinctly eloquent, by virtue of its orchestral diction especially. This last is more refined than anything that we have yet had from the composer. It only occasionally suggests the melodramatic red and yellow instrumental handiwork of "Cavalleria Rusticana." It is French in its artifice. It not infrequently reminds one of Massenet more than of the young Italian who has written it. There is an absence of strong rhythms; there is a certain metrical monotony in the course of the score that comes essentially from Mascagni's aim at being both colloquial and poetical—just as are Coppée's personages and lines. But the music has curious charm. Its artistry is evident. It is a technical advance, and a gain on "Cavalleria" in its musical values. It reaches a fine musical climax more than once, especially when its chief theme is made recurrent under dramatic stress. "Zanetto" was exceedingly well sung by Miss Alice Verlet (*Sylvia*) and by Madame Chalia (*Zanetto*), the latter an actress of temperament. The reception of the little work was cordial. It can be heard more than once with interest, and is of more dignity and grace than many will have anticipated from the impulsive and often commonplace Mascagni. As an illustration of the lengths to which the newer Italian composers are carrying Wagnerian theories it is thoroughly significant.

The holiday fortnight—to include the days preceding and following Christmas and New-Year's day—is apt to be musically dull. This recurrence was not otherwise. "The Messiah" was duly sung twice. There was another fine concert in the subscription series under Mr. Seidl at the Astoria Hotel, with Madame Blauvelt and Mr. Evan Williams as soloists. (Apropos, the management have made a serious error in taking up the carpet in the ball-room where these concerts are given. The orchestra sounds suddenly noisy and dispersed. The carpet should go down again before another concert comes.) Mr. Guilmant has played the organ several times. At Chickering Hall another orchestral matinée was given. Last week brought the third set of Philharmonics, and with them the return of Henri Marteau, the violinist. The Castle Square Opera Company have been giving three weeks of popular operas at popular prices and by no means inartistically—embodying in the experiment a most interesting question of support to cheap but good opera. The season is now at its height with us. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

"THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE."

We walk in a world where no man reads
 The riddle of things that are,—
From a tiny fern in the valley's heart
 To the light of the largest star,—
Yet we know that the pressure of Life is hard
 And the silence of Death is deep,
As we fall and rise on the tangled way
 That leads to the gate of Sleep.

We know that the problems of Sin and Pain,
 And the passions that lead to crime,
Are the mysteries locked from age to age
 In the awful vault of Time;—
Yet we lift our weary feet and strive
 Through the mire and mist to grope
And find a ledge on the mount of Faith
 In the morning land of Hope.

William Hamilton Hayne.

AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK IN MADURA, INDIA.

In the land of India, where many fatal diseases flourish, and which is the nursery of epidemics and the home of cholera, it is not unnatural that missionaries should have been led to establish hospitals and dispensaries for the relief of the sick, and suffering living about them. The American Board planted a mission in Madura, South India, in 1835, and from the beginning this mission has devoted much attention to the work of medical relief. Among the doctors who have gone out to Madura as medical missionaries stand the honored names of Steele, Lord, and Palmer—the last a brother of Senator Palmer of Illinois.

At Dindigul also, a station of the Madura mission, the veteran medical missionary Dr. Chester has for more than thirty-five years successfully devoted his time to this department of missionary work. The medical work carried on by this mission has done much to win the way of the mission into the favor of the native people who inhabit the Madura district.

Dr. Van Allen was sent to India by the American Board of Missions in 1888, and put in charge of this work in Madura. He found that larger accommodation was necessary to house the patients who resorted to the mission hospital for treatment. The construction of a larger and more suitable building was determined upon, and in 1895 the foundations were begun. The building has recently been completed, and a photographic view of it is shown on page 65. The foundations are made entirely of stone; the superstructure is of brick. Verandas surround the building on all sides, downstairs and upstairs, to protect from the tropical sun. The staff for carrying on the work of medical aid consists of Dr. Van Allen, a dresser (medically qualified native man), four compounders, one male nurse, and two ward coolies.

There was no money of the missionary society used in the construction of the building. It is a mark of the esteem in which missions are held in India, and reveals the appreciation and confidence of the native people in missionary work that the building should be built almost entirely by those of the Hindu faith, the same to be the property of the missionary board. Several zemindars and one rajah (native princes) are among the donors. The new hospital was opened October 29, 1897, by his Excellency Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Madras, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The cost has been 42,000 rupees, or about $14,000.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE name Alfred Capus is signed to a story printed in Paris *Figaro*, wherein is stated that Victor Hugo's *Les Châtiments* was not inspired by patriotic indignation alone, but came into being as the result of a bargain between the poet and a syndicate formed to overthrow the Empire. The story is that a man and a woman, masked, came to Hugo in Brussels, and in the name of this syndicate offered him a million and a half francs to write a first-rate book of poems against the Empire; that the poet accepted the commission, and began immediately by inditing offhand the poem which ends with the heroic verse,

> Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-la!

for which he received straightway one hundred thousand francs.

The reader is invited to put no more confidence in this interesting story than is warranted by his personal knowledge of the credibility of *Figaro*.

In the suit of Harper & Brothers against A. J. Holman & Co., of Philadelphia, brought last spring to prevent an infringement of the copyright in the title and some of the matter of the Nansen book, Judge Dallas of the United States Circuit Court granted, on December 29, a preliminary injunction restraining the defendants from selling their book. The injunction comes somewhat late, but in Philadelphia even the United States courts share the deliberation which is characteristic of the city. The plaintiffs' brief sets forth that Holman & Co. proposed to Dr. Nansen, and afterwards to Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., his publishers, to buy the American rights of the book, which were duly offered to them for $25,000 down and a royalty of $1 50 on each copy sold. These terms, after looking over the pictures and such other material as could be shown them, they declined. But being still desirous of selling some sort of a Nansen book, they went promptly to work and compiled one, putting into it some Nansen biography and an account of the trip across Greenland, a story of the Peary expedition, and an assortment of other timely polar matter. This they illustrated with pictures borrowed apparently from the real Nansen book and from HARPER'S WEEKLY, called it *Nansen Book of the Fram Expedition*, and proceeded to sell it by subscription. They sold a good many—the brief, made months ago, says not less than 8500—but Nansen's American publishers believed the enterprise to be unlawful, and brought suit, as stated. There's many a slip, of course, between a preliminary injunction and a verdict, but certainly the injunction has not been hasty, and the terms of it show an appreciation of the equities of the case which is decidedly encouraging to the plaintiffs.

An association of employing and working druggists of New York, called the "Druggists' League for Shorter Hours," wants a law passed, applicable to all cities of the first class in New York State, prohibiting drug clerks from working more than twelve hours on Saturdays, four hours on Sundays and holidays, and ten hours on other days; and also prohibiting them from sleeping in the shop. The league says that at present drug clerks work fourteen hours a day, and get tired and make mistakes in compounding prescriptions; and that night clerks sleep on cots in the back of the shop, which is unhealthy. The league doesn't think many all-night clerks are needed, and says that half the drug-stores do without them as it is. The league, in paraphrasing Shelley, spells his middle name "Bisshe," which in itself indicates intellectual exhaustion, consequent, doubtless, on overwork.

The proposed law recommends itself to the thoughtful consideration of patrons of drug-stores. It cannot be altogether satisfactory to work fourteen hours a day and sleep in an atmosphere of drugs. If you think that a man who does that is likely to sell you morphine when you ask for quinine, by all means keep away from that man and the shop that employs him. Look attentively at the drug clerks before you trust them, and if they seem drowsy, or overworked, or drugged, or otherwise irresponsible, go to some other shop. Drug clerks should be maintained in good mental condition, and the practice of overworking them is contrary to public policy, and ought to be discouraged. Whether it is prevalent enough to require legal prohibition is matter for experts to determine. Among those who think that it is and favor the proposed bill are the Household Economic Association, the Consumers' League, and the Social Reform Club.

Folks at Ann Arbor seem to doubt that President Angell will ever resume his old place in Michigan University. His present labors as Minister to Turkey seem to be too important to be dropped, and too extensive to be finished within the year for which he had leave of absence from the university. His friends at home are quoted as saying that they do not expect him back at present, and will be surprised if he returns to the university. Uncle Sam ought to be able to afford Dr. Angell continuous and remunerative employment for as many years as he is willing to work.

Dr. Ian Maclaren Watson, in reviewing his experiences of America, respectfully protests against the wastefulness of the Americans, especially in the matter of food. He was distressed by the prodigality with which food was issued in hotels, he heard shocking stories of the way in which we cut down forests, and he speaks sorrowfully of his personal experience of the disadvantages of travelling in Europe in the wake of Americans who distribute lavish fees. His lamentation is approved and enlarged upon by the "Idler" of the *Evening Post*, who tells stories still more displeasing, especially about hotels. He knows of a New England summer hotel, on a treeless island, where "all articles of food coming from the first table were thrown into the sea," and where he had himself seen "chickens hardly touched, rounds of beef, trays of vegetables, and every variety of cake and dessert tossed to the fish." He speaks, too, of the bad state of things in one of the new hotels in Florida, where the meals were bad and the service slow not because the owner knew no better, but because he tried to give his patrons what seemed to them their money's worth. What he could have given them, at very moderate cost, was good table d'hôte dinners well served. What he did offer them, as being the thing they were willing to pay five dollars a day for, was an overwhelming bill of fare, from which they might order a huge amount of curious and superfluous food. This hotel-owner, who seems to have been Mr. Flagler, though his name is not disclosed, said he thought that Americans put up with poor cooking in hotels because their home cooking was so rudimentary. They did not know enough about food to know what to expect. "We must not forget," he added,

> "that one of the charms of going to a hotel, for people who live poorly at home, lies in this power to order expensive dishes they rarely or never see on their own tables. To be served with a quantity of food that he has no intention of eating is one of an American citizen's dearest privileges, and a right he will most unwillingly relinquish. He may know as well as you and I do that what he calls for will not be worth eating; that is of secondary importance; he has it before him, and is contented."

This Florida proprietor complained grievously that he should have to give people what they wanted at five dollars a day and lose money, instead of giving them what they ought to want at two dollars a day and find a profit in it. It is to be feared that there is a great deal too much basis for all these complaints. A good many of us are still barbarians about food, and especially about hotel food. A pathetic story was told to the present writer a few weeks ago, of four good Americans who came into the dining-room of a popular hotel, straight, apparently, from the Grand Central Station. They looked at the bill of fare, hesitated, consulted together, and then each man ordered milk-toast and tea. They got four dishes of milk-toast and four pots of tea—a sad sight to any observer who knew what they should have had for their money.

Dr. Watson feels that if the Americans are to be a great people they must learn thrift. No doubt they will learn it in the Lord's good time, and it is even possible that they may learn to cook. President Andrews of Brown University, in a recent address before the Illinois State Teachers' Association, said that as a means of social advance he "favored free lunches in the schools." He would have them "palatable, well cooked, and served under the supervision of the teachers or principal." The objection to free lunches, or to anything else that would increase the cost of primary education to the tax-payers, is very obvious; but if school lunches would help materially to teach school-children what to eat, how to eat it, how food should be cooked, and what are the advantages of intelligent domestic economy, their lessons would be by no means the least valuable taught in the public schools.

Thrift and right ideas about food are not things that come by nature. They may be inherited, but first or last they must be learned. There is good reason to hope that in time we shall learn them. Dr. Watson's experience of hotels does not prove that all American housekeepers are wasteful. "Idler's" story of the sea-girt New England summer hotel must be salted with the reflection that in such a place there is little market for broken victuals. The great hotels in great cities undoubtedly manage better. Consider, too, the improvement in average American eating in the last forty years. Bread is better than it used to be; breakfast cereals have been invented and have come into almost universal use; the consumption of pie seems to have decreased, and some ancient species of it threaten to become extinct. At a Raines hotel on Eighth Avenue, in New York, where a crowd of working-men were getting dinner the other day, an observer was impressed with the excellent quality of the food they got. Some of them ate it standing, from a counter, but the meats were fresh carved from smoking joints, the vegetables were hot, the smells were savory and appetizing, and there was no waste at all. That was German hotel-keeping, and of its kind it was good. So Mr. Wykoff testifies that while he was on his travels in America, and earning his living by manual labor, he had some memorably grateful experiences of good and simple housekeeping in the country.

At last accounts the will of M. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, was in litigation, and the learned societies which are to determine who shall receive the various Nobel prizes had not received the sums necessary for awards in the competitions for 1896, consequently those awards have not yet been made. The only shadow of a possible award that has been distinct enough to attract attention has appeared in the report that Vereschagin and Tolstoi were candidates for the great prize for efficiency in making war impossible.

It is pleasant to learn, from a letter of Mr. Theodore Stanton to the *Critic*, that the Hon. John K. Gowdy, of Indiana, is finding grace in the sight of the Americans in Paris. Mr. Stanton says that Mr. Gowdy "was represented to us by the American reporters as a sort of 'wild man of the West.'" But he presided at the American University banquet, and "proved for the second time since his arrival among us that he is an exceptionally good presiding officer and toast-master."

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Gowdy is doing well, yet Mr. Stanton's praises should not cause surprise. That Mr. Gowdy was not a genial person, or that he lacked gumption or fluency in his native tongue, was never averred. What was said of him was that he knew no French, and seemed not to be possessed of such special knowledge and experience as would seem likely to qualify him to be an efficient consul-general in Paris.

The republication, by the president of Princeton University, of an ancient edict of the trustees of the university, directing the faculty to enforce strictly and impartially the rule which prohibits students from frequenting any place where intoxicating liquors are sold would seem to mean that the presbyteries had won their fight against the Princeton Inn. Perhaps not, though. Appearances in such cases are sometimes only the disguise in which the facts go hid.

Some time ago notice was taken in the WEEKLY of the letter of President Jordan of Stanford University, directing the Committee of Student Affairs in the university to search out the unprofitable students and send them away. As a result, doubtless, of this injunction, there comes, under date of December 29, the newspaper report that forty-one students have been dropped from the rolls of Stanford for immorality, vulgarity, and inferiority in college work. Education at Stanford being free, or nearly so, idle students are of no sort of use to the university. The usual course in colleges is to let the unprofitable student stay and pay tuition as long as he seems to be no worse off than he would be at home, and as long as his behavior is not perceptibly detrimental to the general welfare. But at Stanford, apparently, if a student is not improving his opportunities, his place is wanted for some more industrious man.

Sir Edward Bond, who died in London on January 4, spent fifty years in the service of the British Museum, and for the last ten of them was Principal Librarian. He resigned in 1888. For forty years—1838 to 1878—he was in the manuscript department, and so improved his opportunities that he became a famous archæologist and a notable authority in his branch of erudition. It will bring the human side of him home to many readers to know that his wife was Miss Barham, the eldest daughter of the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends."

The *Publishers' Weekly* learns that Mark Twain has paid off three-fourths of the indebtedness of C. L. Webster & Co., the publishing firm of which he was a member. The creditors offered to settle on a fifty-per-cent. basis. Twenty-eight per cent. was realized from the assets. Presently Mr. Clemens brought the payments up to fifty per cent., and not long ago he paid twenty-five per cent. more. He is quoted as saying that it will be three years before he can publish another book, and possibly the remnant of his debts will hang on until then. Meanwhile, however, the books he has already written are working for him, some of them to very good purpose.

If Tammany is sincerely desirous to give New York good government, among other tests of its efficiency that it will have to watch will be the death-rate. President Wilson of the Board of Health reports that the death-rate for 1897 was the lowest ever known in New York. There were fewer deaths than in any year since 1886, and in that year the population of New York was 500,000 less than now. The marked decreases are stated to be in diphtheria, croup, measles, diarrhœal diseases, phthisis, bronchitis, and pneumonia. The progress of medical science is doubtless to be credited with part of this improvement, and Colonel Waring, clean streets, and the removal of snow with another part. Other helpful innovations are the inspection of milk and regulation of its sale, the inspection of tenement-houses and destruction of some of the worst of them, and the creation of small parks and recreation piers. The death-rate under Tammany, provided it is truthfully estimated, ought to tell a good deal about the sanitary administration of the city.

General Booth of the Salvation Army, who sailed last Saturday for New York, is one of the world's notabilities, and will of course excite attention in this country wherever he goes. The exercise of his authority here, however, as demonstrated by the attempted recall of Ballington Booth and his wife, and the substitution of the Booth-Tuckers, has not been popular, and does not appear to have been particularly successful. Mr. Booth-Tucker was lately quoted as suggesting that the illness which has lately carried his brother-in-law's wife to a hospital was feigned to excite sympathy. That was not at all a pretty speech, and does not speak well for Mr. Booth-Tucker's manners or for his intelligence. The doctors at the Presbyterian Hospital have disclosed, in a published statement, that Mrs. Ballington Booth has been seriously ill with an authentic ailment—aneurism of the aorta—of which she is getting better.

An occurrence of interest was the death last week, in Paris, of Mrs. Ayer, the widow of Dr. Ayer of Lowell, the noted inventor and proprietor of Ayer's Pills. One of the most conspicuous pictures in the art-gallery at the Chicago Fair was Mrs. Ayer's portrait by Carolus Duran. She was born of Quaker stock in New England seventy-one years ago, and married Dr. Ayer in 1850. He left her a great fortune, which she had helped him to amass, and it appears that she rose gamely to her opportunities. She lived much abroad, and for the last ten years her home has been in Paris. Her experiences there must have been interesting. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that for the last decade her hand has been persistently sought in marriage by "princes, dukes, marquises, and other noblemen," so that it seems probable that in the closing years of her life she enjoyed good sport. She was a niece of Horace B. Claflin, and was a woman of force and of excellent business judgment.

What amusing reading we would get if only the annals of the American colony in Paris for the last twenty-five years could be written out by a competent hand!

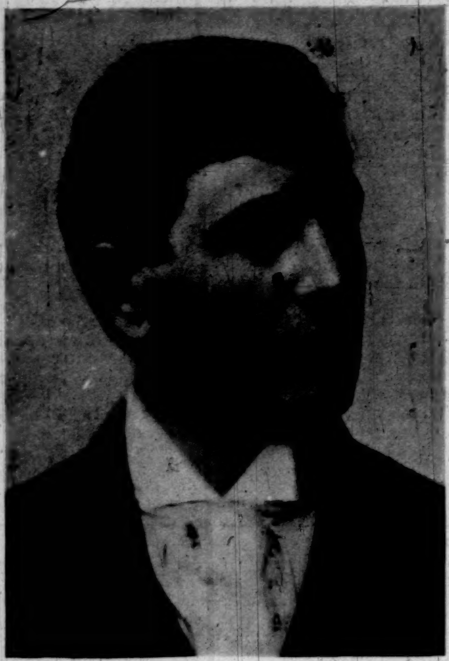
The recent marriage, in England, of the daughter of the Earl of Coventry to Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, eldest son of the late Maharajah of Lahore, has interested our transatlantic relatives, and takes rank as the most stirring British matrimonial experiment of the season. The father of the groom was the adopted son of Runjeet Singh, King of the Punjaub, who died in 1839. His legitimate heir, Shere Singh, succeeded him, but was murdered, and Dhuleep Singh, son of a slave woman, was put on the throne. He reigned nominally for six years, and then the British government annexed his realm, and allowed him $200,000 a year on condition that he should live in England and behave himself. He agreed, and on his way to England married, in Cairo, a Miss Muller, whose father was a German missionary, and her mother a woman of the Coptic race. Their first son was Victor, to whom Queen Victoria stood godmother. Dhuleep, the father, proved to be excessively ill-regulated, and didn't pay his debts or keep to his bargain. Finally he revolted, left England, abjured the Christian religion, abandoned his wife, and made all the mischief he could, until, his allowance being stopped and his credit exhausted, he had to apologize to the Queen to get his allowance back. He died about six years ago. The son, who also has an allowance from the British government, is said to be popular in English society, though what his true inwardness is does not appear. Lord Coventry's eldest son married Miss Bonynge of San Francisco. Lady Coventry's nephew, the Earl of Craven, also married an American lady.

E. S. MARTIN.

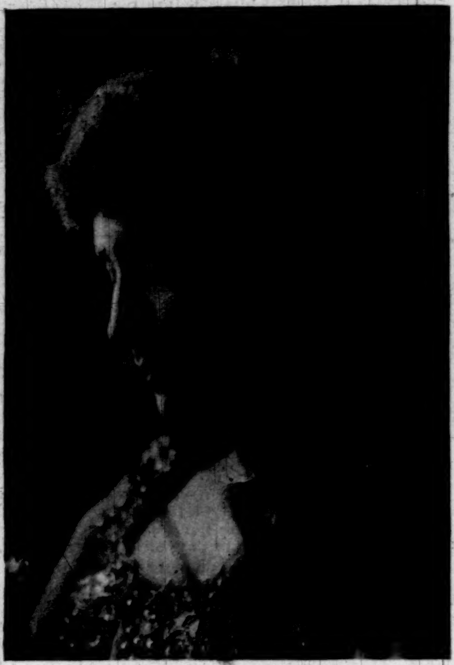
CAMPANARI.
Copyright, 1897, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

GADSKI.

BISPHAM.
Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

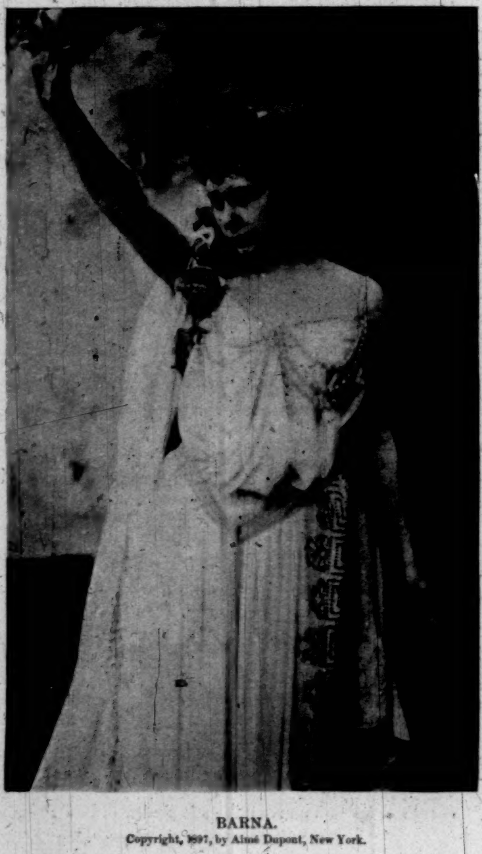


KRAUS.



MELBA.

SALIGNAC.
Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

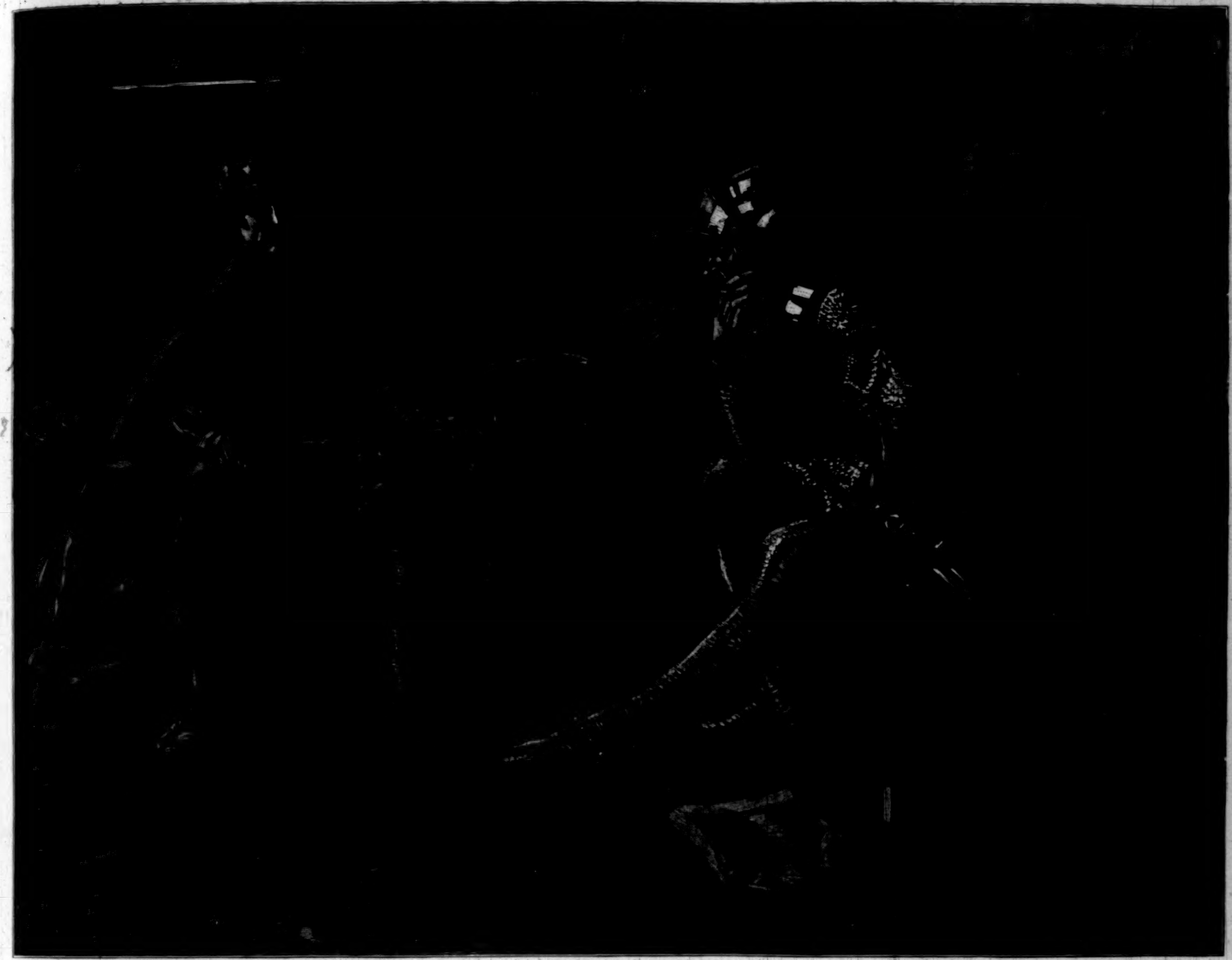


BARNA.
Copyright, 1897, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

SEYGARD.
Copyright, 1897, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

NORDICA.
Copyright, 1897, by B. J. Falk, New York.

THE DAMROSCH OPERA SEASON.—[See Page 54.]



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER V.

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS ARE FED.

BUT the Princess-Playmate spoke to me again. I was even permitted to call her Helene. Me she addressed uniformly as "Hugo Gottfried." But neither her name nor mine interfered with our plays, which were wholly happy, and undisturbed by quarrelling—at least, so long as I did exactly what she wished me to do.

On these terms life was made easy for me from that day forth. No longer did I wistfully watch the children of the street from the lonely window of the Red Tower. They might spit all day on the harled masonry at the foot of the wall for aught I cared. I no longer desired their society. Had I not that of a real Princess? and if my companion was inclined to be a little wayward and domineering—why, was not that the very birthright of all princesses?

Helene and I had great choice of plays within the walls of the solemn castle. So long as we kept to the outer yard and did not intrude upon the Duke's side of the enclosure we were free to come and go at our pleasure. For even Casimir himself was soon well accustomed to see us run about like puppies, slapping and tumbling, and minded us no more than the sparrows that pecked in the litter of the stable-yard. Indeed, I think he had forgotten all about the strange home-coming of the Little Playmate.

The kennels of the blood-hounds especially were full of fascination for us. That fatal deep-mouthed clamoring at morn and even drew us like a magnet. Helene, in particular, never tired of gazing between the chinks of the fence of cloven pine wood at the great russet-colored beasts, with their flashing white teeth, over which the heavy dewlaps fell. And when my father, with his red livery upon him and a loaded whip in his hand, once a day opened the tall narrow door and went within, we thought him brave as a god. Then the way the fierce beasts shrank cowering from him, the fashion in which they crouched on their bellies and heaved their shoulders up without taking their hind quarters off the ground, equally delighted and surprised us.

"Your father is almost as great a man as *my* father," said the Princess Helene, who, however, was rapidly forgetting her dignity. Indeed, already it had become little more than a fairy-tale to her. And that was perhaps as well.

One day, when I was about thirteen, or a little older, my father came out with a new short mantle in his hand, red like his own.

"Come hither, Hugo Gottfried!" he said; for he had learned the trick of the name from Helene.

I went to him tardy-foot, greatly wondering.

"Here, chick," he said, in his kindly fashion, "it is time you were beginning to learn your duties. Come with me to-day into the kennels of the blood-hounds."

But I hung back, shifting the new mantle uneasily on my shoulders, yet not daring to throw it off.

"I do not want to go, father," said I, edging away in the direction of the Playmate.

"What, lad!" he cried, slapping me on the shoulder; "they will not hurt thee with that cloak on. They know their masters better—as their fathers and mothers knew our fathers. Have we, the Gottfrieds, been the Hereditary Justicers of the Wolfmark for six hundred years to be afraid now of the blood-hounds that are kept to hunt the Duke's enemies and to feed on the Duke's carrion?"

"It is not that I am afraid of the dogs, father," I made answer to him. "I would quickly enough go among them, if only you would let me go without this scarlet cloak."

My father laughed heartily and loudly—that is, for him. A quick ear might have heard him quite three feet away.

"Silly one!" he exclaimed, "do you not know that even the Duke Casimir dares not set foot in the kennels—no, nor I myself—save in the garb they know and fear, as indeed do all men in this state."

Still I hung my head down and scraped the gravel with my foot.

"Haste thee," said my father, roughly. "Once it is permitted to a man to be afraid. To fear twice, and fear the same thing, is to be a coward. And no Gottfried ever yet was a coward. Let not my Hugo be the first."

Then I took courage and spoke to him. "I do not wish to be executioner," I said; "I would rather ride a-soldiering far away, and be in the drive of battle and the front of danger. Let me be a soldier and a man-at-arms, my father. I am sure I could become a war-captain and a great man!"

Gottfried Gottfried stared blankly at me, and his blue-black hair rose in a crest—not with anger, of which he never showed any to me, but in sheer astonishment. He continued to rub it with his hand, as if in this manner he might possibly reach an explanation of the mystery.

"Not wish to be Hereditary Executioner? Why, are you not a Gottfried, the only son of a Gottfried, the only son of his father, who also was a Gottfried, and Hereditary Red Axe of the Wolfmark? Why, lad, before there was a Duke at all in the Wolfsberg, before he and his folk came out of the land of the Poles to fight with the Ritterdom of the North, we, the Gottfrieds of Thorn, wore the sign of the Red Axe and dwelt apart from all the men of the Mark. For fourteen generations have we worn it!"

"But," said I, sadly, "the very children on the street hate me, and spit on me as I pass; the maids will not so much as speak to me. They scurry in-doors and slam the wicket in my face. Think you that is pleasant? And when, as a lad of older years, I set out to woo, whither shall I betake me? For what door is open to a Gottfried, to him who carries the sign of the Red Axe?"

"Ah, lad," said my father, patiently, "life comes and life goes. It is nigh on to forty years since even thus my father held out the curtmantle for me. And even so said I. Time eats up all things but the hearts of men. And they abide ever the same—yearning for that which they cannot have, but nevertheless accepting with a sharp relish the things which are decreed to them; even as do the Duke's carrion-eaters yonder—which, by-the-way, are waiting most impatiently for their meal while we thus stand arguing."

He was about to move away, when his eye fell on Helene. At sight of her he seemed to remember my last words, about going a-wooing.

He considered a moment, and then said: "You are young yet to think of courting, Hugo, but have no fear, either for the love-making or the wedding. Sweet maids a many shall surely come hither. Why, there is one growing up yonder that will prove as fair as any. I tell you the Gottfrieds have married great ladies in their time—dames and dainty damsels. They have had princesses to be their sweethearts ere now. Come, then, lad—no more words, but follow me."

And for that time I went after him obediently enough, but all the same my heart was rebellious within me. And I determined that if I had to run to the ends of the earth, I should never be Hereditary Executioner, nor yet handle the broadaxe on the bared necks of my fellow-men.

We went in among the dogs—great, lank, cowering, tooth-slavering brutes. I followed my father till we came to the feeding-troughs. Then he bade me to stand where I was till he should set their meat in order. So he vanished behind the barriers. Then, when he had prepared the beasts' horrid victual, though I saw not what, he opened the narrow gate, and the howling, clambering throng broke helter-skelter for the troughs, cracking and crunching the thigh-bones, tearing at the flesh, and growling at one another till the air rang with the ear-piercing din.

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2141.

And, outside, the little Helene flung herself frantically at the split pines of the enclosure, crying, bitterly: "Take off that hateful mantle, Hugo Gottfried! I hate it—I hate it. Take it off!"

My father stood behind the dogs, whose arched and bristling backs I could just manage to see over the fence of wooden spars, and dealt the whip judicially among them—at once as a warning to encroachers and a punishment for greed.

Then, all unharmed, we went out, and as soon as my father had gone up to his garret-room in the tower, I tore the red cloak off and trampled it in the dirt in the yard. Then I went and hid it in a little blind window of the tower opposite the foot of the ladder which led to my father's room. For, because of my father's anger, I dared not destroy the badge of shame altogether, as both Helene and I wished to do.

Day by day the Little Playmate (for so I was now allowed to call her—the Princesshood being mostly forgotten) grew great and tall, her fair, almost lint-white hair darkening swiftly to coppery gold with the glint of ripe wheat upon it.

Old Hanne followed her about with eyes at once wistful and doubtful. Sometimes she shook her head sadly. And I wondered if ever the poor old stumbling crone, wizened like a two-year-old winter apple, had been as light and gay a thing as our dainty rose-leaf girl.

One day I was laboring at the art of learning to write, along with Friar Laurence—a scrawny, ill-favored monk, who, for good deeds or misdeeds, I know not which, was warded in a cell opening out of the lower or garden court of the Wolfsberg, when I heard Helene dance down the stairs to the kitchen of the Red Tower.

"Hannchen!" she cried, merrily, "come and teach me that trick of the broidering needle. I never can do it but I prick myself. Nevertheless, I can fashion the Red Axe almost as clearly as the pattern, and far finer to see."

Friar Laurence raised his great, softly solid face, blue about the jowls and padded beneath the eyes with craft.

"That little maid is overmuch with old Hanne," he said, as if he meditated to himself; "she will teach her other prickings than the needle-play. The witch-pricking at the images of wax was what brought her here. Aye, and had it not been for your father wanting a housekeeper, the Holy Office would have burned the hag, and sent her to hell, flaming like a torch of pine knots."

Now this was the first I had heard with exactness of the matter of old Hanne's having been a witch. And now that I knew it for certain, I began to imagine all sorts of unholy things about the poor wretch, and grew greatly jealous of Helene being so often in the kitchen. Whereas before I had thought nothing at all about the matter, save that Hannchen was a dull, pleasant, muttering, shuffling-footed old woman, who could make rare good cream-cakes when you got her in the humor.

And that was not often.

CHAPTER VI.

DUKE CASIMIR'S FAMILIAR.

I mind it was some tale of years later that I got my first glimpse below the surface of things in the town of Thorn, and especially in the castle of the Wolfsberg.

Duke Casimir continued to move, as of yore, in cavalcade through his subject city. The burghers bowed as obsequiously as ever when they could not avoid meeting him. There were the old lordly perquisitions—thunderings at iron-studded doors, battering-rams set between posts, and the clouds of dust flying from the driven lintels; the screams of maids, the crying of women, a stray corpse or two flung on to the street, and then the procession as before, arms and legs, with a mercenary soldier between each pair, fore and aft. All this was repeated and repeated, till the dull monotony of tyranny began to wear through the long Teutonic patience to the underquick of Wendish madness.

It chanced that one night I could not sleep. It was no matter of maids that kept me awake, though by this time I was sixteen or seventeen and greatly grown—running, it is true, mostly to knees and elbows, but nevertheless long of limb and stark of bone, needing only the muscle laid on in lumps to be as strong as any.

I had begun to steal out at nights, too—not on any ill errand, but that I might have the company of those about my own age—prentice lads and the wilder sons of burghers, who had no objection to my parentage, and thought it rather a fine thing to be hand-in-glove with the son of the Red Axe of Thorn. And there we played single-stick, smite-jacket, skittles, bowls—aye, and drank deep of the city ale, the very thinnest brew that was ever passed by a bribed and muzzy ale-taster. All this was mightily pleasant to me. For so soon as they knew that I had determined to be a soldier, and not the Red Axe of the Wolfmark, they complimented me greatly on my spirit.

Well, as I lay awake and waited for the chance to slip down a rope from my bedroom window, whose foot should I hear on the turret stairs but that of my Lord Duke Casimir? My very heart quailed within me? For the fear of him sat heavy on every man and woman in the land. And as for the children—why, as far as the Baltic shore and the land of the last Ritters, mothers frighted their bairns with the Black Duke of the Wolfsberg and his Red Axe.

So now the Duke and the Red Axe were to be in conference—as indeed had happened nearly every day and night since I could remember. So that people called my father the Duke's Private Devil, his Familiar Spirit, his Evil Genius. But I knew other of it—and this night, of all nights in the year, I was to know better still.

It was a summer midnight—not like the one I told of when the story began, white with snow and glittering with the keen polish of frost; but a soft, still night, drowsy yet sleepless, with an itch of thunder tingling in the air—and, indeed, already the pulsing, uncertain glow of sheet lightning coming and going at long intervals along the south.

I crouched and nestled in the hole in the wall where I had long ago hidden the hated red cloak, pulling my knees up uncomfortably to my chin. And great lumps of bone they were, knotted as if a smith had made them in the rough with a welding-hammer and had forgotten to reduce them with the file afterwards. At that time I was thoroughly ashamed of my knees.

But no matter for them now. Duke Casimir passed in and shut the door.

"Gottfried," I heard him say, "I am a dead man!"

These words from the great Duke Casimir startled me, and though I knew well enough that Michael Texel, the Burgomeister's son, was waiting for me by the corner of the Jew's Port, I decided that, as I might never hear Duke Casimir declare his secretest soul again, I should even bide where I was; and that was in the crevice of the wall, among the old clothes, which gave off such a faint, musty, sleepy smell I could hardly keep awake.

But the Duke's next words effectually roused me.

"A dead man!" repeated Casimir. "I have not a friend in all the realm of the Mark besides yourself. And there is none of all that take my bounty or eat my bread that is sorry for me. See here," he said, querulously, "twice have I been stricken at to-day—once a tile fell from a roof and dinted the crown of my helmet, and the second time a young man struck at my breast with a dagger."

"Did he wound you, Duke Casimir?" asked my father, speaking for the first time, but in a strangely easy and equal voice, not with the distance and deference which he showed to his lord in public.

"Nay, Gottfried," replied Duke Casimir, "but he bruised my shirt of mail into my breast."

And I heard plainly enough the clinking of the rings of chain armor as the Duke showed his hurt to my father. Presently I heard his voice again.

"And the Bishop has touched me in a new place," he said. "He declares that he will lay his interdict upon me and my people—ill enough to hold in hand as they are even now. When that is done they will rise in rebellion. My very men-at-arms and knights I cannot depend upon—only upon you and the Black Riders."

"In the matter of the Bishop's interdict, or in other matters, do you mean that you can trust my counsel, Duke Casimir?" asked my father.

"'Tis in the burial of the dead that the shoe will pinch first with these burghers of Thorn and among our soldiers at the Wolfsberg. For mass, indeed, they care not a dove's dropping—but that the corpse should be carried to a dog's grave, that they cannot away with. Red Axe, I tell you we shall have the State of the Mark about our ears in the slipping of a hound's leash—and as for me, I know not what I shall do."

"Listen, and I will counsel you, Duke Casimir! Care you not though the east wind brought Bishop Peters whirling over the Mark as many as the January snowflakes that come to us from Muscovy. I, Gottfried Gottfried, tell you what to do. In every parish of the Mark there is a parson. Every clerk of them hath a Presbytery, in which he dwells with those that are abiding with him. Bid you the soldiers that are obedient to you to carry all the corpses of the dead to the Presbytery, and leave them there under guard. Then let us see whether or no the parsons will give them burial. What think you of the counsel, Duke Casimir?"

I could hear the Duke rise and pace across the floor to where my father sat on his bed. And by the silence I knew that the two men were shaking hands.

"Red Axe," said the Duke, much moved, "of a truth you are a great man—none like you in the Dukedom. These beard-wagging, chain-jingling gentry I have small notion of. And would you but accept it, I would give you to-morrow the collar of gold which befits the Chancellor of the Mark. None deserves to wear it so well as thou."

My father laughed a low scornful laugh.

"Because I bid you teach the parsons their own religion, am I to be made Chancellor of the Mark. A great gray wolf out of the forest were as suitable a Chancellor of the Mark as Gottfried Gottfried, the fourteenth Red Axe of Thorn!"

Then I heard him reach over his bed for something. I stole out of the hole in the wall and crouched down till my eyes rested at the great latchet-hole through which the tang of leather to lift the bolt ordinarily goes. I could see my father sitting on his bed and the Red Axe lying across his knees. He took it in hand, dangling it like an infant. He caressed it as he spoke, and ran his thumb lovingly along the shining edge.

"Ah," he said, "my beauty, 'tis you and not your master they should make High Chancellor of this realm. 'Tis you that have held the power of life and death and laid the spirit of rebellion any time these twenty years. And well, indeed, wouldst thou look with a red robe about thee" (here he reached for a cloak that swung from the rafters contiguous to his hand); "a noble presence wouldst thou be in a tun-bellied robe and a collar of shining gold! Bravely, great State's Chancellor of the Wolfmark, wouldst thou then lead the processions and preside at the diets of justice—as, indeed, thou dost mostly as it is."

And he made the Red Axe bow like a puppet in his hands as he swept the cloak of red out behind the handle.

I could see Duke Casimir now. He had drawn up a stool and sat opposite my father, with his elbows on his knees. One hand was stroking the side of his head, and his haughtiness had all fallen from him like a forgotten overmantle. He looked another man from the cruel, relentless Prince who had ridden so sternly at the head of his men-at-arms, and looked so callously on at the death of men and the yet more bitter agony of women.

He stared at the floor, absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, while my father regarded him with his eyes as though he had been a lad in his 'prenticing who needed encouragement to persevere.

"Duke," he said, steadily, "you have borne the rule many years, and I have stood behind you. Have I ever advised you wrong? Make peace with the young man, your nephew; he is now only the Count von Reuss, but one day he will be Duke Otho! And if he be rightly guided he may be a brave ruler yet. But if not, and he gather in his hand the various seditions and confused turbulences in the Dukedom, why, a worse thing may befall."

"You advise me," said the Duke, lifting his head and looking at his Justicer, "to recall my nephew and risk all that threatened us ere he fled to the Prince of Plassenburg—Karl, the Miller's Son?"

Gottfried Gottfried continued to run his thumb to and fro along the edge of the Red Axe. "Even so," he replied, without raising his head; "give him the command of the Black Riders of the Guard, who, as it is, adore him. Let him try his prentice hand on Bamberg and Reichenau. And if he offend, why, then it will be time to apply for further advice to this chancellor in the Red Robe, whose face so shines with wisdom."

The Duke rose.

"Well, on your head be it!" he said.

"Nay," said my father, "I but advise; it is for you to decide, my Lord. If Duke Casimir sees a better way of it, why, then the words of his servant are but as the tunes that the east wind whistles through the key-hole."

And at the mention of key-holes I imagined that I saw my father's eyes rest on the latched crevice. So I bethought me that it was time for me to be retiring to bed. To my room, therefore, I went straightway, tiptoeing on the points of my hose. And with ears cocked I heard my father attend the Duke to the door, and on across the yard, lest any night-wandering traitor should take a fancy to make a hole in the back of Duke Casimir of the Wolfmark.

Presently came my father in again, and I heard his foot climb steadily up to my room. The door opened, and never was I in so deep a sleep. He turned down the coverlet to see that I was undressed—but that I had seen to. Whereat he departed, fully satisfied.

Nevertheless, this interview left me with a great feeling of insecurity. If the Duke Casimir were thus full of fears, doubts, misgivings, whence came the fierce and cruel courage with which he dominated his liege burghers, and harassed the country roundabout for a hundred leagues? The cunning of a weak man? Say rather the contrivance of a strong servant to hide the frailty of a weak master.

Then first it was that I saw that my father, Gottfried Gottfried, was the true ruler of the Wolfmark, and that the man who had carried me on his shoulders and played with the little Helene was—at least so long as Duke Casimir lived—the greatest man in all the Dukedom and first Councillor of State, whether the matter were one of peasant or Kaiser.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FETICH DIAMOND.

The South African native, it seems, is not always decorated with the mere trumpery of the trader's wallet or of his own purveyance. It has become an attested fact that excellent diamonds, and diamonds better than that, are possessed by chiefs and hoarded by them, not so much in intelligence of their value as in a firm fetichism. The stones have come to their hands by the good old-fashioned method of stealing them from the Kimberley mines years ago, before the present minute watch against gem-thieving was systematized. Diamond-stealing at present is practically impossible under the peculiar methods of its prevention. Before the rigid examinations of workmen and visitors began to be enforced, native laborers often were under a secret compact with their tribal rulers not to come back from the mines without a good-sized stolen diamond for the chief's use; hence, a great many superb gems are in the dark unfathomed caves of a Kaffir headman's establishment. Within a few years enterprising traders have made special expeditions and palavers for diamonds so hidden, with the result of successful bartering for them. Liquor and guns have been found useful. In some instances the superstition of the chiefs stood in the way of traders' recovering valuable stones; but, on the other hand, a small company working on this line of acquisition is credited with having obtained within four months not less than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. One agent succeeded in buying of a chief six stones of more than two hundred karats each.

COURAGE.

It is not they that never knew
 Weakness or fear who are the brave:
Those are the proud, the knightly few
 Whose joy is still to serve and save.

But they who, in the weary night,
 Amid the darkness and the stress,
Have struggled with disease and blight,
 With pitiful world-weariness:

They who have yearned to stand among
 The free and mighty of the earth,
Whose sad, aspiring souls are wrung
 With starless hope and hollow mirth—

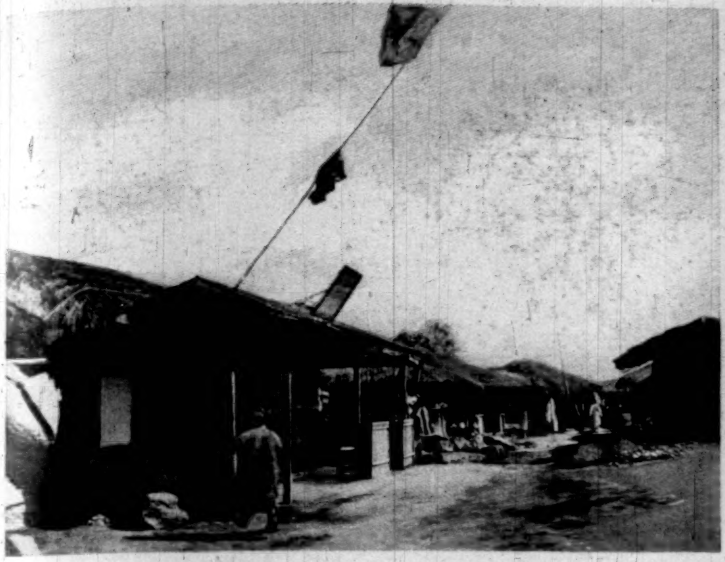
Who die with every day, yet live
 Through merciless, unbrightened years,
Whose sweetest right is to forgive
 And smile divinely through their tears:

They are the noble, they the strong,
 They are the tried, the trusted ones,
And though their way is hard and long—
 Straight to the pitying God it runs.

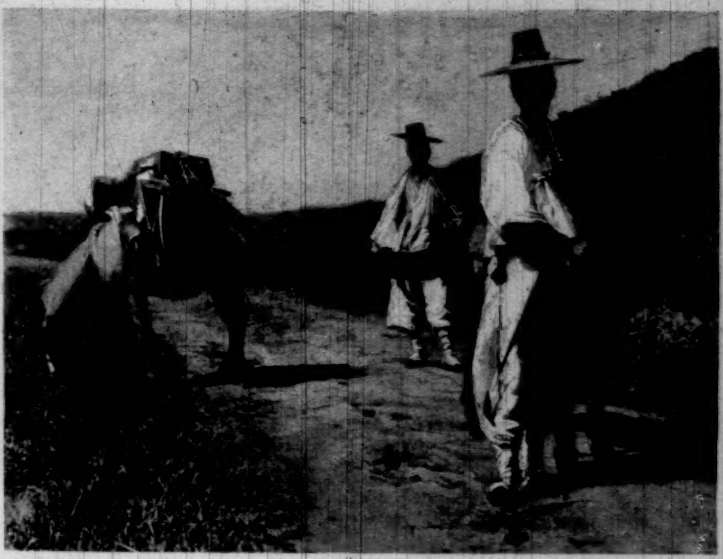
George Edgar Montgomery.

WASTE MADE HELP.

To save, to be thrifty to the point of avarice, is the virtue or vice of the French nation, and it strongly tinctures the Franco-Belgian temperament. But to teach children the value of saving what is apt to seem to them waste is not an unadvisable process. Much French attention has lately been drawn to the object-lesson given to the pupils of certain public schools of Brussels. During eight months the scholars, rich and poor, were requested to collect each day and to bring to school any and all objects that they saw while coming and going on their schoolways—material thrown away and counted as refuse in the gutters, in vacant ground, street-sweepings, and like deposits. Waste paper, wood, fragments of leather, bits of metal, empty bottles, broken glass, corks, cigar ends, and a score of other classifications were made as the flotsam and jetsam poured in daily. The general result was that this unattractive but quite "convertible" material was sold to dealers in raw material with surprising profits. They provided clothing for about five hundred little waifs of poverty, and furnished money for the sending of ninety-eight invalid children to health resorts; paid for all the books needed in several charity classes, and afforded a sum of several hundred francs for the city's Public Assistance of the Poor. Jane Taylor's little girl who cried, "Dear me! what signifies a pin wedged in a rotten board?" should have been educated in Brussels.



JAPANESE INN AT VILLAGE HALF-WAY FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.



MY MAPONS AND PONIES ON THE TRIP FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.

ACROSS KOREA ON HORSEBACK.

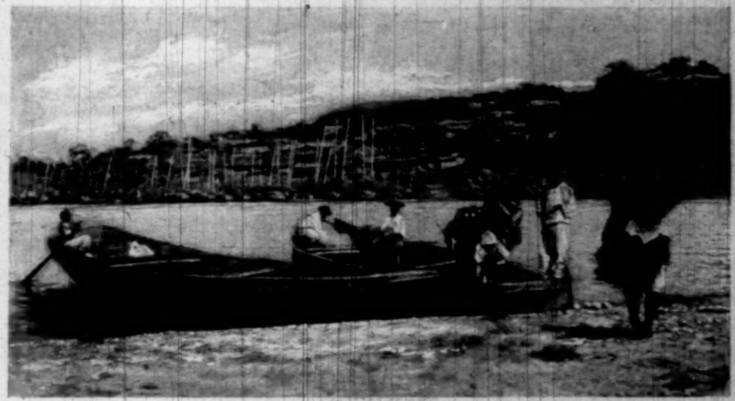
BY W. H. JACKSON.—ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

THE harbor of Chemulpo may be looked on as the southern gateway of the Hermit Kingdom, and as it affords the nearest access to the capital, it is also in some respects the chief one. The approach is picturesque and attractive, although as a harbor it cannot be said to improve upon acquaintance. Abrupt and hilly islands are sown broadcast over the bay, at the head of which the beach is fringed by the narrow line of the houses that form the town, hemmed in by the soft blue ridges of serrated hills that lie between the port and the capital. The anchorage is some three miles from the shore, which is difficult of approach, owing to the twenty-eight feet of tidal rise and fall, which will probably always render the harbor as inferior for commercial purposes as it now is from a purely picturesque point of view.

Our welcome to Chemulpo was vociferous if not musical. A fleet of sampans and other primitive shore boats, manned by a nondescript crowd of boatmen—Korean, Japanese, and Chinese—surrounded our vessel and claimed our custom as fares for the shore. Of these the all-pervading and pushful Jap was the most conspicuous and energetic, the sons of the soil having evidently little chance in competition with his recent protector, who never hesitated to enforce his claims to precedence by the vigorous use of his pole on the head or shoulders of a too officious native rival. Yielding to his superior assertiveness, we committed ourselves and baggage to a Jap boatman, and after a tedious passage by a winding channel, which wound its way between long stretches of black mud banks, on which were stranded a number of coasting craft left high and dry by the receding tide, we found our way at last to a stone wharf, on which it was possible to land in comfort. To do so, however, it was necessary first to settle with our boatmen, who demanded ten yen for their services, and proceeded to enforce the claim by loud threats of seizing and impounding my baggage. Our different estimates were finally reconciled by my Japanese friends agreeing to accept two yen in full discharge, and upon payment being made on the reduced scale, they became once more the smiling Orientals of our common experience.

The wharf at Chemulpo was the centre of a brisk business, where Korean porters were actively engaged in loading and unloading a number of small vessels under the directions of the Chinese and Japanese merchants, who superintended operations with much energy and no little noise. The triumph of mind over matter finds an apt illustration wherever the active little Jap comes into contact with his Korean neighbor, for in all cases it is the stranger who gives the orders, and the son of the soil who has the task of carrying them out. The rôle of a beast of burden is one which seems to suit the Korean well, perhaps because it makes little demand upon his somewhat sluggish intelligence, and I found no difficulty in securing on reasonable terms two men who carried all I had with me, which formed a load for each of formidable dimensions.

The little town of Chemulpo possesses few features to distinguish it from many a little seaport in our own Southern States. It is almost entirely a creation of the Japanese, and its features are characterized by utilitarian simplicity. Square houses of brick, with no attempt at ornament, serve all purposes here, but, as a rule, the purpose seems to be that of storing large quantities of rice, millet, and other natural products of the country awaiting export. The inhabitants seem to be Korean, Japanese, and Chinese in about equal numbers, the latter two being in all cases the merchants and masters, the first being always the porters and laborers.



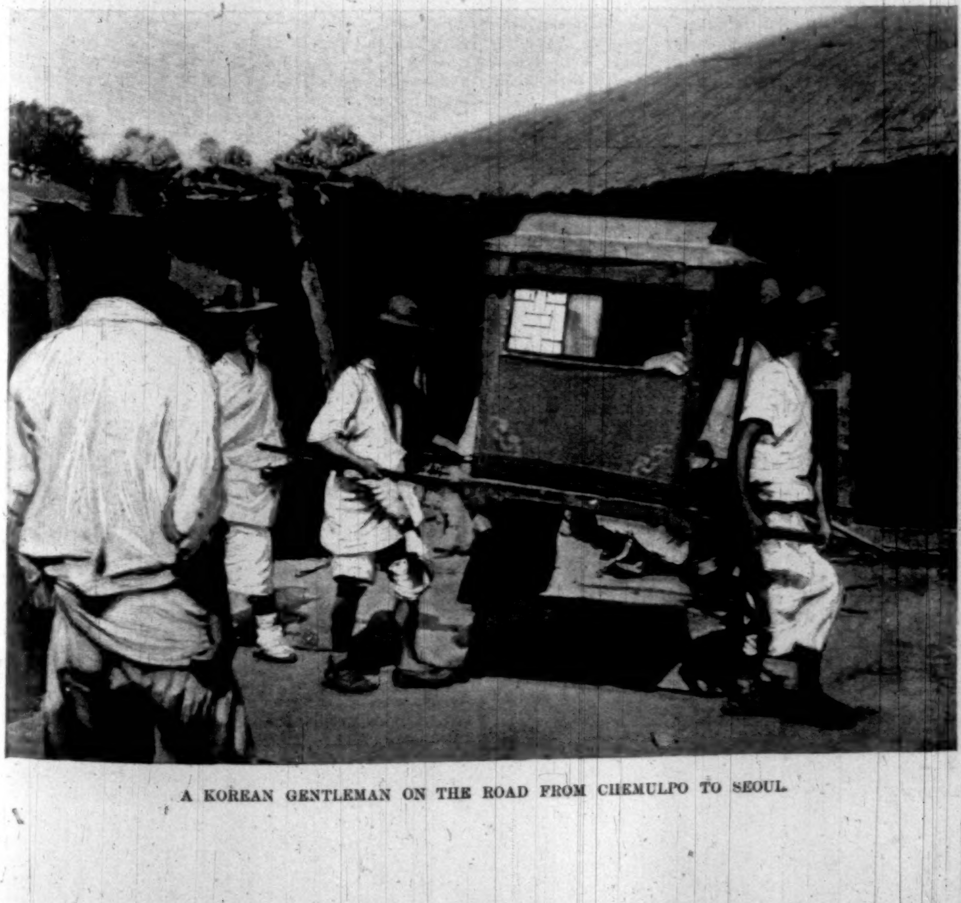
FERRY OVER THE HAU NEAR SEOUL—MAPONS WITH MY SADDLE-PONY AND THE PACK GOING ABOARD.

I had made up my mind to undertake the journey from Chemulpo to Wonsan by way of Seoul, the capital, in spite of a good deal of advice to the contrary from those who, knowing the difficulty of getting a Korean out of his accustomed pace, did not believe it possible to accomplish the journey overland to the northern seaport, a distance of two hundred miles, within the six days which were all I had at my disposal if I meant to catch the steamer on its way to Vladivostok. The risk was evidently considerable, but the temptation was great to see something of the land and people of the lately secluded nation at home, and in the end I determined to risk it. Having done so, the next step was to call in a Chinese merchant, who, like many of his race, had the character of being a capable organizer, and by his prompt exertions I soon found myself provided with the necessary pony for myself, pack-saddle for my baggage, and two mapons for attendants and guides as far as the capital. The distance was twenty-six miles, and the charge agreed upon was 3.20 yen—equivalent to about $2 70 in our money. This sum, although it sounds moderate, represents an advance of from three to four times what it would have been in the good old days of exclusion, when payment was made in "cash," and the services of an extra pony would have been required to carry the treasury.

Thanks to my Chinese merchant, it was hardly more than good daylight on the morning of September 25 when I found my attendant mapons—two stalwart-looking young Koreans, who made the diminutive ponies look small indeed—ready to start. My travelling steed was a singular-looking, shaggy little beast, equipped with a very aged saddle, and from his appearance and that of his companion, who was already loaded up with my baggage to a height that looked dangerous, no one unacquainted with the Korean pony could have expected to find them fully equal to the task before them. Even as I mounted I felt a doubt whether I was acting the part of prudence in thus committing myself to unknown men, horses, and country, but reflecting that I had practically burnt my boats, I mounted, and addressing to my companions the single Korean word of which I was master, namely, Seoul, which was answered by a comprehensive nod, we started.

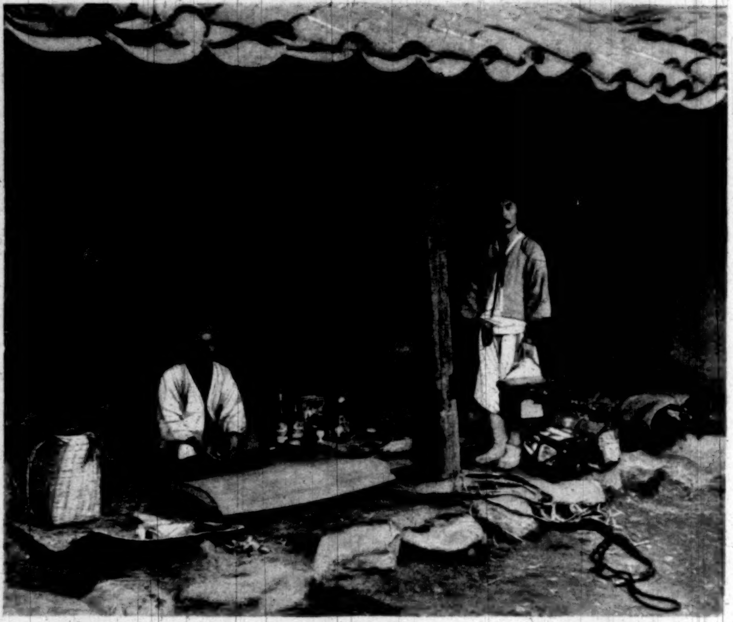
There was hardly a soul abroad in the Japanese town as we rode through the deserted streets, a solitary Jap policeman in a helmet and big sword representing law and order, until we found ourselves outside the foreign settlement and travelling along the narrow lane bordered with straw-thatched mud houses which marked the Korean town.

Here there was plenty of life. Both men and women, loaded with huge bundles of market produce, were making their way to the town, while crowds of porters with empty racks strapped on their backs were snatching a



A KOREAN GENTLEMAN ON THE ROAD FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.

W. H. JACKSON, ON A NATIVE PONY, *EN ROUTE* FROM SEOUL TO WONSAN.



NATIVE GUIDE AND A SERVANT PREPARING A REPAST AT A WAY-SIDE INN.

hasty breakfast at one or other of the way-side houses of entertainment that abounded on every side.

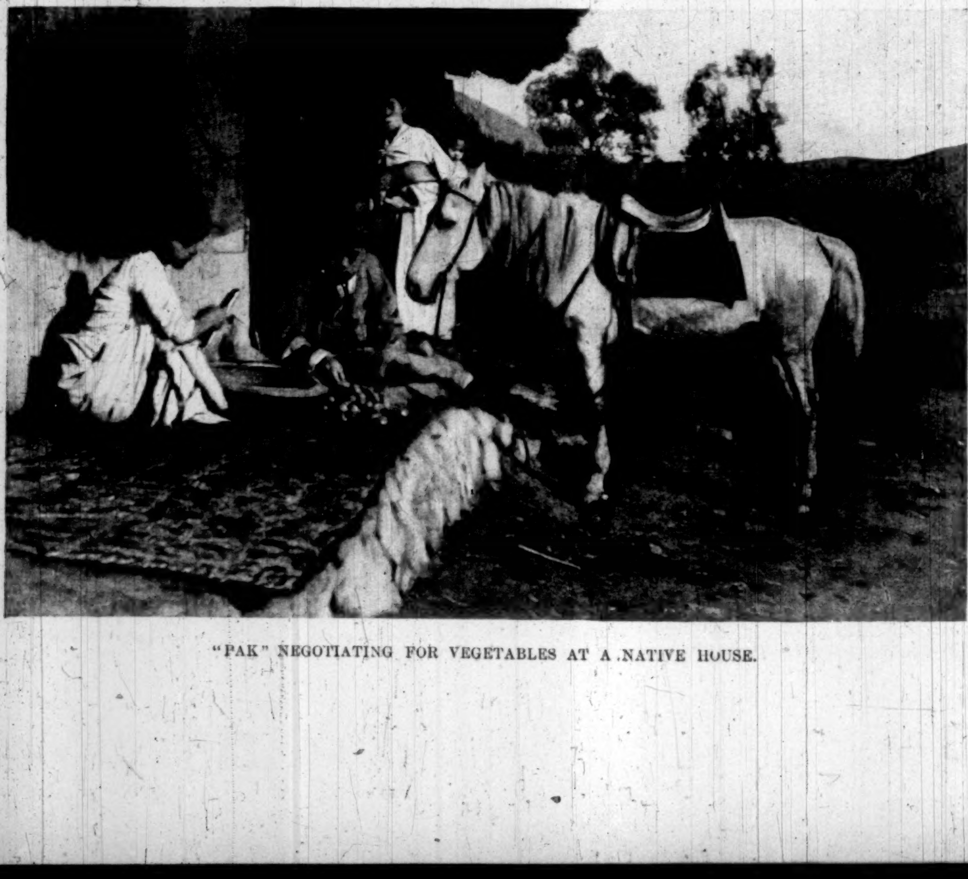
Korea was, until the other day, almost the only country in which vehicles, with the single exception of a clumsy sort of Sedan chair, were unknown. Even now the recent introduction of a few wheeled vehicles has done nothing for the roads, which are, even between the capital and its port, no better than rough tracks. The ancient highway winds among rice-fields, follows the course of a hundred irrigation ditches, and accommodates itself to the surface of the hilly country through which it passes. The views are varied and romantic; the mountain ranges are abrupt in outline and beautiful in their delicate tints of blue and purple. Even the little hamlets that nestle in the hollows are not without a beauty of their own, in spite of the rudeness of the construction of the houses and the sordid meanness of their material. About ten o'clock we reached a village, at which it was evidently the custom to rest and refresh both men and horses. Here there was a neat Jap tea-house, which looked clean and attractive beside the three or four native inns, which were certainly in comparison both squalid and dirty. I selected the tea-house unhesitatingly, while my mapons patronized one of the inns, where the ponies were accommodated on the opposite side of the little court-yard with a meal of grass and weeds chopped fine, boiled, and served up hot. Resuming our journey, we soon reached the sandy waste that borders the river Hau. This is the largest river in Korea, and as it flows within two or three miles of Seoul, and is navigable for small boats up to this point, which is about fifty miles from its mouth, much of the traffic of the city is transported in that way. A small steamer of light draught has even been put on for passenger traffic, but, owing to the shifting of the sand banks, it is never certain how long the trip to or from the capital may take.

A POTTER TAKING HIS WARES TO MARKET SITS FOR HIS PICTURE.

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE ON THE DIVIDE BETWEEN THE EAST AND WEST COASTS.
Tigers and other wild Game are frequently seen in this Vicinity.

The immediate approach to Seoul is by no means imposing. A primitive-looking scow propelled by oars is the regular means by which the royal highway crosses the river as it nears the great gate of the capital. Between the river and the city, a distance of nearly three miles, we travelled through the dirty and winding lanes of a squalid though extensive suburb, until we found ourselves at last before the great entrance. The greatness of gate and wall is, like most other things, only comparative. They are like small and rude imitations of those of Peking; but, in spite of their reduced size, they strike the observer in the same way. I was very fortunate in finding Dr. Allen, the American chargé d'affaires, a kind and accommodating friend, who, in the absence of the consul, did all that could possibly be done to further the purposes of my journey. The doctor had already learned of my trip by telegraph, and before I had arrived had made every preparation both for my entertainment at Seoul, and for expediting my journey by means of passports and otherwise.

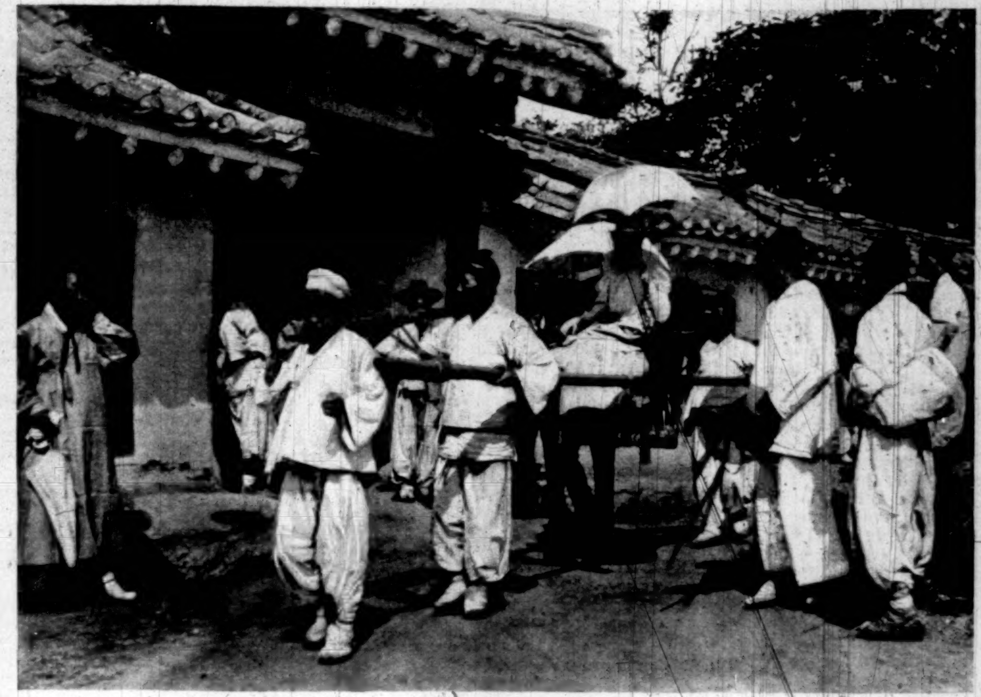
We did not reach Seoul until three o'clock in the afternoon, and by the time I had made the acquaintance of my new friend there was little enough time in which to "do" the capital. My time, however, would not admit of delay, and with the aid of the doctor's official chairs, each borne by four sturdy bearers dressed in uniform, we proceeded to investigate the city. With the exception of the various foreign legations and one or two other buildings, which all owe their existence to the long-hated foreigners, Seoul is little better than a vast collection of huts, dirty, mean, straw-thatched, and bordering upon narrow, irregular streets, with two exceptions as narrow and dirty as themselves. The city, in fact, is but a collection of villages, and though it is said to contain about 80,000 of such houses, and a total population of about 400,000, it would be difficult to conceive of a more monotonous or depressing-looking hive of humanity. It is surrounded by a wall, which runs indifferently over the hills and hollows on which the city stands, and encloses a space of about twelve square miles.



"PAK" NEGOTIATING FOR VEGETABLES AT A NATIVE HOUSE.

On the western side of the city enclosure, and itself enclosed by still more pretentious walls and gates, is the palace with its grounds, lying on higher ground than the adjacent city. We were admitted into the palace enclosure through a private entrance, which was guarded by a few soldiers dressed in some foreign uniform, but still retaining their braided hair and sandalled feet. Here we were met by the minister of the household, with a retinue of some thirty followers, and invited into the unpretentious buildings that appear to serve as offices of the household, where we were regaled with warm champagne, sweet cakes, and cigars, which are evidently regarded as the proper entertainment for distinguished strangers in the royal palace at Seoul. While we were waiting the pleasure of the King, who had expressed a wish to receive Dr. Allen and myself without any special preparation, I proceeded, accompanied by the whole party, to photograph the great audience-hall, and several other of the most interesting places about the palace. The buildings are generally far from imposing, and many of them are scattered about over the palace-grounds, among the small lakes and flower gardens with which the place is adorned; indeed, as a rule, the royal dwellings are of a single story, and, with the exception of some attempts at ornamental carving, they have little about them to indicate their dignity as the abodes of royalty.

When at last a messenger summoned us to attend the King we were led by the chamberlain, who was also interpreter, up a short flight of steps to a one-story wooden building, where he stopped on the threshold and made a low obeisance, and then falling on his knees, proceeded to creep into the apartment, knocking his head from time to time



WONSAN—VISITORS FROM THE STEAMER CALLING UPON THE COLLECTOR OF IMPERIAL CUSTOMS.

on the floor. We followed him, until, turning to the right, we found ourselves face to face with his Korean Majesty. Making several bows, we approached within six or eight feet of where he sat at a table covered with a bright-colored cloth, on which stood two kerosene-lamps, which served to show us the whole party. The King is a small man, who looks insignificant enough beside his tall attendants, but as soon as the conversation began, his face lighted up with interest and intelligence. He was plainly dressed in some dark material, and wore few ornaments. He asked many questions through the interpreter, and seemed particularly anxious that we should have a good impression of Korea. He was much concerned that our consular service was not of so high a rank as that of some other countries, and begged me to use my influence to have this altered, and also to have Dr. Allen, who seemed a great favorite, appointed minister.

The Crown-Prince, a full-faced, sleepy-looking young man, was present, and we were introduced to him also. He appeared to take but little interest, however, in anything that was said, never committing himself to more than a monosyllable in reply, and, in short, appearing to very small advantage beside the King, whose interest and intelligence were marked throughout the interview. Finally we backed out of the royal presence as gracefully as we could, making our three regulation bows as we did so, and then returned to our interrupted refreshments in the adjoining house. It was by this time quite dark, and an officer and an armed guard of twelve men were told off to escort us back to the American legation. Each member of the guard carried a lantern of blue and white gauze, some four feet long, swung from the end of a pole, and containing a single candle. By this means, and in spite of the wretched light afforded by each, we were enabled to avoid the numerous ditches and gaping mud-holes, which otherwise might have proved positively dangerous to life.

Dr. Allen had secured as my guide and factotum for the rest of my journey a well-known character named Pak-Nai-Won, who was known familiarly as "Pak." He was a product of the mission schools, but in every respect excepting intelligence and energy Pak was universally regarded as an arrant backslider. For my purposes, however, I found him satisfactory, and however much he may have used his position to impose upon others, I found, as soon as we had come to a general understanding, that he suited me perhaps better than a better man might have done. Soon after daylight on the following morning Pak was ready, and, indeed, by that time the baggage-ponies were loaded and despatched under the charge of two mapons, leaving Pak and me to follow with the third mapon when I had secured some more photographs. Before we got away, a messenger arrived with presents from his Majesty, among which were a tiger-skin, silver boxes, and a variety of other things, which were at once added to the mapon's load, already piled sufficiently high, considering that he had to carry it nearly twenty miles before we overtook the pack-ponies.

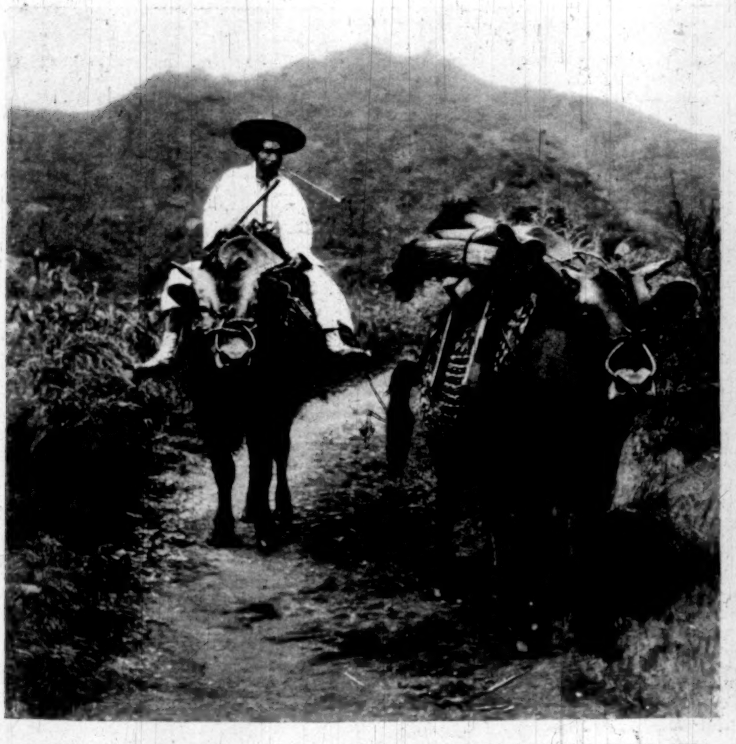
We left Seoul by the great thoroughfare which bisects the city from north to south, and forms one of the two streets in some degree worthy of the name which the capital can boast. The other crosses it at right angles, and ends at the great gate of the palace. These streets are wide indeed, but throughout their whole length they are lined only by straw-thatched mud shanties of the most uniformly mean and dirty appearance, so that it was with little or no regret that we made our way out of the north gate and began our progress through the long succession of dirty hamlets, among which travelled endless lines of men, horses, and donkeys, all equally heavy-laden with huge loads of firewood, hay, fish, salt, and all the commodities required for the daily needs of a large city. Everything was packed on man or beast, for the road did not boast a single vehicle on wheels. We were better mounted now than when I reached Seoul, Pak having, so he assured me, drawn upon the royal stables for my use. It may have been so, but our steeds were still only ponies, about the size of the small Shetland breed, and not unlike them in appearance or quality. Our journey, as far as Pak could make it so, became a kind of royal progress, as he never failed to proclaim my importance, or to annex without hesitation whatever he wanted by virtue of my dignity. These requisitions must be customary, for I observed that they were never resisted in any way by the sufferers, even when Pak, as he frequently did, enforced his demands by blows with his stick.

YI-UNG-YUL, MAGISTRATE OF CHI-UL-WON.

Each night we put up at some village, and on our arrival Pak deliberately inspected the houses, and having chosen the best, he proceeded at once to clear out the best apartment in it for our use. In this he collected the best furniture, mats, and rugs that the house afforded, and if these were not enough he unhesitatingly made raids on other houses to make good the deficiency. In this way we were generally well provided with accommodations, and the boiled rice which we could always procure, when eked out by my own preserved meats and other supplies, ensured sufficient eatable provisions. The houses, it is true, are of the simplest and, as a rule, of the dirtiest class. They usually open on one side of a narrow court, while the pens for horses, cattle, and pigs open on the opposite side, the yard between being common to both.

About midway between Seoul and Wonsan I was entertained by the magistrate of the district, who turned out to be a jovial old fellow, who gave me the best of all he possessed, either eatable or drinkable, and in return showed a high appreciation of my stock of rye whiskey. He not only insisted on putting me up for the night in a guest-chamber, which, though now, like nearly everything Korean, dilapidated, had once been fine, but in the morning accompanied me a full stage on my journey with an imposing escort of armed men and trumpeters, who made the way hideous by their blasts of melody. He finally entertained me at lunch before parting, and sent us on our way with a prolonged blast of the trumpets.

During the latter part of our journey the country was more varied and attractive. The hills were carpeted thickly with dense green grass, and the valleys—the country is only a succession of hills and valleys—were filled with fields of rice. The last twenty miles or so before we reached Wonsan were a broad alluvial bottom covered with luxuriant crops of rice and millet, which stretched almost to the entrance of the long straggling street of the Korean Wonsan. A small stream, which, for a wonder, is bridged, divides Wonsan from the Japanese town of Gensan, which is full of bustle and activity, and affords another warrant for the belief that the best hope for Korea's future lies in the connection with Japan.



KOREAN MET ON THE ROAD IN THE HILL DISTRICT BETWEEN SEOUL AND WONSAN—OX WITH PACK-SADDLE, BUT WITHOUT LOAD.

KOREANS VISITING A SHRINE IN THE HILLS NEAR WONSAN.

THE DISSECTION OF CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

HEAVEN speed the dividing up of China! It only seems cruel. It is not really so. The spectacle of the wolves of Europe leaping upon the prostrate old mummy and preparing to tear her to pieces is surprising when one sees it actually under way, even though it has been long expected. But there need be no sorrow for China. That is the compensating reflection. However many nations divide the Flowery Kingdom, and no matter among whom the parts are distributed, every Chinaman (except a few of the most corrupt officials on earth) will be the gainer by the change. The Chinese theories of government, of justice, and of the relations that should exist between the governed and their governors are most admirable. They proceed from the very old experience of a once great people, who have enjoyed a wisdom which inspired the nearest approach to civilization of its time in the East. But their practices have grown far away from their former principles, and China's people are much worse governed than any other great people on earth.

The theory there is that the leading students—the wisest and most promising young men—continually pour fresh pure blood into the governmental system; but an office-holding class, bolder and more cruel than any that feudalism developed in Europe, has fastened itself on the people, and, as is the case in Turkey, this rotten scum poisons the nation. In a myriad ways, because authority is farmed out for what it will yield—first to the state and afterwards to the officials—the plain people are ruthlessly victimized. They are robbed, denied justice, deprived of all rights and protection—except as these can be bought. The worst that will befall any of them will be to come under the rule of the Germans, who are martinets, and have not the colonizing spirit. Even these Chinamen will be infinitely better off than they are now. Those who become Russian subjects will be more fortunate, because Russia understands the Asiatics. She interferes with them very little beyond making them keep order and pay taxes. Those whom the English get will, of course, contribute most toward the world's progress, for they will create a new and open market for the whole world to trade in, and their territory will become a new foothold for civil and religious liberty.

The Chinese are truly a fine people; asleep, but not worse off. I never met in Asia or anywhere a single man who knows the Chinese and the Japanese well who does not say that physically, mentally, and morally the Chinese are superior to the Japanese. We must not judge the huge agglomeration of differing Chinamen by those we see here. These are all Kwang-tung coolies, except the occasional tall, large-framed men of the more northerly provinces who come to us on diplomatic missions. The farther south you travel in China, the smaller, weaker, and less admirable do you find the people, so that in the far south, where the French were the first to begin the partitioning of China, they are no bigger than the Japanese, and nothing like as able. Our Cantonese have not proved bad visitors, yet they are not to be compared for physical merit, for shrewdness, commercial ability, refinement, or morality with their neighbors to the north, who in stature rise higher and higher, as if nature had planted them in terraces. The Chinese, as a whole, present better material for the magical manipulation of progress than the Japanese seemed to offer forty years ago. They are a finer people than any other Asiatics, unless the people of India have to be excepted.

Will this invasion of their kingdom by the Europeans arouse and awaken them? No one can say, but I think not. I wrote from China for the WEEKLY during the Chino-Japanese war that not even that imperilling of their independence would arouse them, because we had been wrong in considering China a nation and the Chinese one people, as we understood those terms. China is a collection of nearly twoscore states, loosely held together by a demoralizing government, by the echo of a religion that has dried up and left only a skeleton frame of superstitions, and by a classical or official and book language known to but few among the people of a great number of the provinces, where the men of one province consider those of the nearest provinces as "foreigners." The injustice and hardships they suffered at the hands of their rulers came near uniting them when the T'ai-ping rebellion broke out in the middle of the century, but the imperial forces led by Gordon, walking-stick in hand, crushed the rebellion. Afterwards the government had not the wisdom or good fortune to find a man who could develop interest in, or love or respect for, China in the masses. The queer mass is never stirred by patriotism, else we would not fancy that China will quietly submit to dissection. Gordon said there were no better fighting-men than the Chinese, but they need leaders. To-day the army is officered only by men who cannot get other berths, and are so low and desperate as to accept places in the army in which to swindle the government. For soldiering is in China the last thing a desperate man will take up—the least honorable of callings.

The whole world saw the helplessness of China in 1894, but only Russia was so shrewd as to take advantage of it. Her agents began at once to terrorize the Emperor and his councillors with a vague dread of nameless horrors to come. The Japanese were declared to be meditating a return of their army. Every superstition the Chinese fondle was played upon to disquiet them the more. "You need a strong friend," said Russia, "and I am anxious to be that friend." The theatrical landing of armed Germans on the coast the other day was a bagatelle compared with what Russia accomplished; indeed, the Germans only did that little by the permission of Russia. More than a year ago China practically gave up dominion over Mongolia to Russia, granting her a southerly termination for her great railway, entangling herself with Russia in financial obligations and secret treaties, and meekly accepting dictation by Russia with regard to railway and other concessions for which the tardier people of western Europe began to besiege Peking. Korea and the Leao-tong peninsula—the first of which Japan fought for and the second of which Japan wanted—went to Russia, to all practical intent and purpose.

The action of Germany shows how close is the friendship between the Czar and the Emperor William—each of whom calls the other his best friend. France appears forced to be content with the empty shell of her good understanding with Russia and with what she has already taken in China. England is represented as meekly and timidly accepting the situation. Japan alone is known to be anxious to fight, though her people have said for two years or more that she needed five years in which to fit herself for the war she means to wage with Russia. It remains to be said that England has long had her eyes on a foothold in central China, which is worth the north and south together twice over. Those who think she will not fight, or will cringe to a great power, when her people deem themselves aggrieved, have memories that do not reach back to the early spring of 1896, when William II. comforted Paul Kruger with a telegram. The country back of Shanghai and Hong-kong has not been threatened yet, and England is very slowly recovering from the blow to her pride and the disagreeable notoriety which came of Jameson's rashness—and failure. Germany may be merely pretending to meddle in China to force her own Parliament to further the Emperor's dearest project—the building of a navy. However that may be, in the end the great contest in the East must be between England and Russia, and Russia's patient, long-cherished plan has been to defer this struggle until the clock strikes the hour she has set for moving upon India.

THE GENERAL'S LAST VICTORY.

A Tale of the Blue-Grass.

BY J. J. EAKINS.

IT was evident that something was weighing on old General Beaumont's mind that sunny June afternoon as he jogged along the pike on his big bay thoroughbred. The bridle reins had slipped from his hands, and his head had sunk so low on his broad chest that only his double chin was visible beneath the wide brim of his soft black hat. For an hour he had not spoken to his attendant Peter, who was following him on a sedate gray horse, carrying the General's travelling-bag before him, his withered little black face bobbing up and down behind it like a particularly solemn jack-in-the-box.

It was in vain that the Blue-Grass, like a bride, unfolded all her radiant young charms. The dogwood blossoms shook in the meadows, the white-flowering blackberry-bushes nodded in the fence corners, the mocking-birds piped merry welcomes, and even the irascible woodpeckers nodded their pugnacious red heads cheerily. It was not until his intelligent horse had come to a sudden stop before an old-fashioned wooden gate hanging between mossy stone posts that the General looked up. It was his own gate, and the avenue of spreading oaks beyond led to his home.

Before Peter could ride up, a shrill chorus of "Howdy, Marse George?" came from the other side. In a moment the gate swung open and the General was surrounded by a dozen shining black faces. "Howdy, boys?" responded the General, a twinkle in his kind gray eyes, as he glanced over the ragged, barelegged troop.

At the end of the avenue, where the ground swelled gently to a slight elevation, stood the old Beaumont house. In other days it had been worthy of the noble approach, with its fine Colonial pillars, its wide hall, and its broad verandas. But the plaster had fallen from the Colonial pillars, leaving ghastly red blotches here and there; morning-glories and Virginia-creepers had climbed up to the roof, and hung in tangled masses around the verandas, while about the lawn sprawled untrained rose-bushes overburdened by the rich weight of their possessions, the flowers half hidden in the rank high grass.

On the lawn a dusky group was gathered about Aunt Mandy, whose fat hands rested on her broad hips.

"I 'clar' to goodness, I's mighty glad to see you!" cried Aunt Mandy, as the General rode up, her face beaming with pleasure. "I speck you nearly dead, Marse George. Yo' chair's out on de back po'ch waitin' an' ready. Why don't you niggers behave yo'se'ves?" this to the crowd that was tumultuously welcoming the General. "You, Ike an' Ben an' Sam an' Mose, you go an' kill one dem Dominickers, an' stop pester'n' Marse George."

The boys darted away on a mission so congenial. Peter led the horses away to the stable; and the General, followed by Aunt Mandy, who was volubly telling all the news, passed through the hall to the veranda, and threw himself in a tired way into his great easy-chair.

Above his head, in a tangled cluster of honeysuckle, the bees hummed drowsily. No other spot in all the world was as dear to the old General as this. Everything upon which his eye rested was endeared to him by the most sacred associations. On the very spot where he sat he had played about his mother's knee. Off there where the deep line of green stretched across the bottom-lands was the creek where his father and he had fished; the woods beyond had been the favorite hunting-ground of his brother and himself. Over the brow of that distant hill—ah, how well did he remember the day, though it was many and many a long year ago!—he had ridden with a gentle brown-eyed girl by his side, and when he closed his eyes he could recall her delighted exclamations as he proudly pointed out the home that was to be hers. And their boy—their brilliant, handsome, manly boy—was there a blade of grass in the meadows, or a leaf in the wood, or a drop of water in the creek that did not speak of him to that lonely old man? And over there beyond the orchard, where the golden glory of the sinking sun rested on sombre pines and cedars and weeping-willows, they were all awaiting him. There, side by side, slept his father and mother, inseparable in death, as in life. His brother rested with them. There, too, was the boy who had fallen by his side in that wild charge up the heights at Gettysburg, and who had been brought back to rest beside his mother, who had never lived to see him. Of all those who had lived and loved in that old house, of all those who had borne his name, he alone was left. In the whole world there was not one human being with whom he could claim kin.

The glowing crimson and gold of the sunset died away in ashen gray, and still the old man sat, leaning back in his chair, looking out into the twilight, with the shadows ever deepening upon his kindly face. With an effort he aroused himself from his painful reverie, lifted his head, and saw Peter sitting on the edge of the piazza, eying him with a troubled look on his withered little black face.

"Why, Peter, how long have you been here?" inquired the General, in a surprised tone.

"I dun'no', sah," replied Peter, respectfully. "I saw you wuz a-studdyin', an' I didn't want to pester you."

"Peter," said the General, solemnly, "I was just going to send for you. I want you to promise to do something for me." Peter, who was too much astonished by the General's tone to speak, only nodded his gray head. "Peter," continued the General, "I am going away from here—going away, never to come back." The General paused for a moment. Peter, with his mouth wide open and his eyes staring, sat motionless. "After the last mortgage," the General went on, in a slow, even tone, "you know the horses went wrong. The money all melted away before I knew it. I went East to try and get it back, but things have changed around the tracks there. All my old friends were dead and gone, and the tracks are full of young men too keen and smart for you and me, Peter—much too smart for us. I come back poor enough. This place don't belong to me any more, nor anything that's on it. The ground I gave you and Mandy when you got married thirty years ago belongs to you all, so does all you have on it. I made them put that in the mortgage. They won't move Aunt Sally and Uncle George, either. I am going to ask you to keep my horse for me—that and Glengarry are all I have left. Train Glengarry as you please. I think when he comes round he will race. He's half-brother to McGregor, Peter, and there never was a horse stood on iron like McGregor. You know, for you trained him." There was a proud ring in the old man's voice. He was silent for a moment, and when he continued it was in a quieter tone. "Now, Peter, I am going away in the morning, and I want you, when I'm gone, to tell Aunt Mandy and the others that I am not coming back any more."

The General had been looking straight ahead while he was talking, but now he turned to Peter. Peter was still sitting in the same position. During all the time the General was speaking he had not stirred hand or foot. But down his wrinkled black face tears were silently streaming. Suddenly he threw his arms around the General's knees, and burying his head in the General's lap, he burst forth into vehement sobs.

"Oh, Marse George! Marse George!" he cried, wildly. "Please don't leave ole Petah! Oh, please don't leave pore ole Petah! What you goin' to do in the mahnin' with nobody to shine an' to shave you? Who kin take care o' you, Marse George, like I kin? Oh, please, please, Marse George, lemme go too!" and the little body shook and swayed beneath the storm of his grief, and the thin old arms clung to the General tighter and tighter.

"Why, Peter," said the General, unsteadily, as he rested his hand softly on the bowed gray head in his lap, "I never knew you to behave this way before, and you and I have been together a long time, Peter. We used to roll around on this porch together when we were babies, didn't we? But you never acted this way before. Why, where's your nerve, Peter? This is not the Peter that went skating with me down on the creek that day the ice broke, and got the fence rails, and crawled out on them to save me. This can't be the Peter that took old Bobolink over the jumps at Saratoga when he had never ridden 'cross country in his life, just because my money was down and they had bought my jockey. I wouldn't have believed it of you. It must have been some other Peter that carried the boy away that day at Gettysburg, when the shells were bursting and the bullets screeching. That Peter wouldn't have acted this way. Oh no, he couldn't possibly have acted this way!" And now the tears of the two old men mingled there in the darkness, and so swaying and weeping together they grew calmer, and when Aunt Mandy, after having rung the supper-bell for the third time without getting a response, came out to see what had happened, she met the General coming in, with Peter, as usual, close behind him.

It was but poor justice that the General did to Aunt Mandy's art that night. Even the unfortunate Dominicker, floating crisp and brown in a delicious sea of cream gravy and flanked with the yellowest butter and the flakiest rolls, failed to tempt him.

"Tell the boys and Aunt Sally and Uncle George and everybody to come in," said the General, pushing his chair back from the table after a pretence of eating. "I've brought you all something from up North. Get my bag, Peter."

With mysterious swiftness the General's message sped from cabin to cabin. First the boys came slinking in, grinning sheepishly, their hats clutched into tight little bundles in their hands; then Aunt Sally and Uncle George, whose days went back to the General's grandfather, hobbled in on their canes. They bowed their stiff, bent old backs, and nodded their heads again and again in the direction of the General, and cried "Howdy?" in their high cracked voices, and appeared as eager for their presents as the youngest there.

It was late before the presents were all distributed, and later still before the cabins in the hollow were silent. But all sounds were finally hushed, tired eyes were closed, and to all there came the repose of universal sleep—to all save two. It came not to the General, tossing restlessly in his bed, nor to Peter, so carefully brushing and folding the General's clothes, and packing away every article his mind could suggest as being useful, all the while watering them with his tears.

"They tell me old General Beaumont's broke," said Red Mike, to his dealer up in the Kroxton, in Louisville, one sweltering August night. As everybody in the city who could afford it had fled to mountain and sea-shore and watering-place, the gorgeous Kroxton, with all its barbaric splendor, was almost deserted. The only player was young Jack Carrington, who was galloping through the proceeds of a stock-farm his father had left him at a faster pace than was ever set by any of the old gentleman's blooded horses. As the pallid-faced, impassive young man behind the box had only nodded assent, Mike, who felt that as proprietor of the Kroxton something was due from him in the way of entertaining his patron, continued: "They tell me the old sport has been hanging around town for two months trying to get something to do; says he's willing to do any kind of work, and won't take a dollar from nobody. When I was booking up at Saratoga, two years ago, he was betting five and ten thousand to a race. And now he's broke. When he lost, I must say he took his medicine like a little man." Mike pondered a moment over the mutability of human affairs, and then cried out, suddenly: "Say, I wonder if it wouldn't be a good play to give the old sport an interest in the house?" The impassive dealer had no opinion to offer, and went on monotonously pulling the cards out of the box. "Why, that's a great scheme!" continued Mike, growing more enthusiastic as he thought of it. "He could bring up all them old ruffle-shirted ducks. Everybody knows he's on the level. I'd get the play of the town. I'll see him to-morrow."

"I wouldn't advise you to," said Jack Carrington, quietly: "that is, not unless you're looking for trouble."

"Why not?" inquired Mike, sharply.

"Oh, no particular reason," said Jack, "only the General—will you kindly heel that stack from the king to the deuce, Mr. Dealer? Thank you!—has peculiar ideas."

"Ain't he broke?" retorted Mike—"I'd like to know that—and ain't I going to give him a chance? Now where's any kick coming to him? Any man that's broke is willing to take a chance, ain't he?"

"Some men are," replied Jack. "Still, I'd sooner it would be you than me who asked old Beaumont to cap for a faro bank. Just put the pay on the queen, Mr. Dealer. Thank you! I happened to be out at the Lexington track the day Big Ed slashed that little bow-legged nigger of his, Peter, across the face with his whip, and anybody that wants trouble with the General can get my interest cheap."

"How was that trouble ever settled?" asked the dealer, with a yawn, as he shuffled up the cards.

"I heard Big Ed got well," said Jack. "Of course, as the General was a gentleman, nobody bothered—"

"I'd like to bet you," interrupted Mike, in a heated way, "that I get him."

"How many markers have you got against me, Mr. Dealer?" inquired Jack, carelessly. The dealer sorted out a little pile of oblong blue ivory pieces, and announced that "Jack was in six hundred."

"Here's as good a chance as any for me to get even then," said Jack, turning to Mike. "I'll bet you six hundred you don't. I saw him sitting out in front of the Wilton as I came up the street. You can find him there now."

Mike instantly accepted the offer, and a moment later had his coat and hat on, and was off in search of the General, slamming the door after him.

The play had been going on for half an hour, neither Jack nor the dealer having exchanged a word, when the door was quietly opened and Red Mike entered. His face was very pale, and the hand that was nervously pulling his mustache shook.

"Jim," said he to the dealer, in a low tone, his eyes avoiding Jack's, "them markers don't go. Jack wins."

It was the first summer the General had ever spent in the city, and he was constantly tormented with a feeling of oppression and suffocation. He could hardly breathe during the long, hot, windless days, when the sun's rays were reflected from miles and miles of limestone streets where the thick dust lay, white-hot in the intolerable glare. And little relief came when the withering days had melted into breathless nights. It was the hottest summer Louisville had known in years. Men dropped down dead in the streets like stricken sheep. The great yellow Ohio shrunk and shrunk until all navigation ceased. The very fountains of the earth seemed to have dried up.

The General lived in a little low-ceilinged room on a side street. He was there only while he slept, however, for even the withering heat of the streets was preferable. Out there he could at least breathe. He spent many of his evenings at the Wilton—a queer, old-fashioned hotel before which a crowd of solemn old men, seated in cane-bottomed chairs, which they tilted back against the wall, ranged themselves nightly. They never moved save to walk down one of the numerous dark passageways of the building to the bar, where they lined themselves, very straight-backed and dignified, mixing their sugar and water with great particularity, and drinking to one another's health with a courtesy altogether worthy of themselves and of the occasion.

All of his days the General spent in search of work. He had many friends, some of them men in positions of power, but they had nothing which they could offer him. He had never thought of having to work, and had never been trained for any occupation. He was profoundly ignorant of business; he had no profession. The humblest form of bookkeeping was utterly beyond him. But he went on day after day, walking miles and miles along those blazing streets, seeking, inquiring, accepting failure after failure with patient resignation. At night he returned to his hot little room as drenched as if he had been in a shower-bath. Once he thought of journalism, and he sat for several long stifling days and far into the nights writing painfully and slowly, and with many blots and erasures, an article on racing before the war. He brought it to the office of the *Globe* himself one night. Everybody treated him with the utmost consideration, for he was well known by name and reputation. He had grown so peculiarly sensitive to failure, however, that although the rejection of his manuscript was only hinted at, he instinctively guessed the truth. He looked about him in the room where he was waiting, noted the alert, keen-faced young men writing with such amazing swiftness, noted, too, their energy, their enthusiasm, and, above all, their youth, and turned away with a sigh.

One sultry Sunday night, while he was up in his room looking over some family papers, he unexpectedly came across a small worn Bible. He remembered it at once. It had been given him many years before by his mother. He looked at the little book long and earnestly, and when he finally laid it reverently aside, he put on his hat and strode out into the street. He had been walking for some time, heedless of the direction in which he was going, with his head bowed and his hands clasped behind his back, when he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of singing close at hand. He glanced up and found that he was passing the open door of a one-story brick church which sat back only a few feet from the street. After pausing irresolutely for a moment, he turned and walked into the church, taking a seat on one of the rear benches. It was a plain small room with bare whitewashed walls and cushionless square-backed benches. There was no organ and no choir, the congregation belonging to a sect noted for its rigorous Puritanism. The preacher was a tall thin man, with a long dark face framed in jet-black hair and illuminated by sunken black eyes. The text of the sermon which followed the hymn was from the parable of the prodigal son, and it was treated with great power by the preacher, who concluded his sermon by an appeal to any one in the church who had wandered away to return to the Father's house while yet there was time. There was profound silence for several moments after he had finished. Then the General slowly arose. All eyes were instantly turned upon him. The ponderous figure of the old man, with his ruffled shirt and his long broadcloth coat and his flowing, old-fashioned courtesy, seemed to bring into the place an atmosphere altogether new to it, and to tell the pale-faced enthusiasts there of a great rushing life beyond, of things and of people unknown to their experience. The General bowed courteously towards the preacher and began deliberately.

"When I was a boy, saying my prayers at my mother's knee, I promised her when I grew up I would become a Christian—my mother was a good Christian woman. To-night I found the Bible she gave me, and it reminded me of my promise, and I have come to confess my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. But I don't want to join the Church without letting you all know what I believe"—the General paused a moment and then added, with a sweeping gesture to the attentive faces around him—"and I hope and trust, sir, I will not offend any membeh of this congregation.

"Ever since I can remember I have been a-following race-horses. My father raised horses, and my grandfather; they raced them and bet on them; and they were good men—better than any men I ever met. I have done as they did. I have raised and raced and bet on horses; and there's nothing I have ever done with them I am ashamed of. In that Bible my mother gave me I don't find anything against racing. I never expect to put my foot on a race-track again, for the place where I was born has passed into the hands of strangers. All my horses are dead or sold except Glengarry that Peter's got, who was highly tried as a two-year-old, but I don't know whether he'll stand training or not. I don't believe it's wrong to run horses or to bet on them, provided it's your own money and you can afford it." The General stopped to wipe his brow, and then went on, slowly:

"I have owned some very great horses, and they had so much spirit and sense that I don't believe God will allow them to die and never be seen by me again. It would be a sad thing for me to believe that, because there are some I bred and raced up yonder in the Blue-Grass that I hope to see. One I feel very sure I'll see, and that's McGregor.

"You all heard of McGregor. No horse like him ever looked through a bridle. I remember well the day I found him." The General's voice had fallen to a soft musing tone, and a far-away look was in his eyes. "He was lying down on the damp grass. It was February, and there were patches of snow on the ground. He was so little and so cold I just took him up in my arms and wrapped my coat around him. He had the softest eyes you ever saw, and as I carried him up to the house he looked up at me and rubbed his little nose against my hand. From that day we were friends. His mother died, and he was raised around the house. He used to play on the porch, and when the spring came and the air grew warmer he would follow me around the paddocks, and knew what I was doing just as well as Peter.

"What a grand two-year-old he grew to be! a splendid, deep-chested, big-boned fellow, with skin as fine as spun silk. He used to come to me to eat out of my hand, and would run all the way across the field to tell me how glad he was to see me. Out on the race-track, with jockey and colors up, he was like a lion. You ought to see him swinging into the stretch at the head of his field. He knew more than any jockey that ever rode him. Never in his life did he feel the lash of a whip or the touch of a spur. A blow would have broken his heart. And the races he won, and the way he won them! He swept before him the pick and pride of the East and West. No horse ever looked him in the eye at the judges' stand.

"I oughtn't to have run him that day at St. Louis. I had a presentiment all the time something was going to happen; but there was nothing in the field to beat, and McGregor never looked so well in all his life. I went down to see him saddled, as I always did. He ate an apple out of my hand, and then arched his neck proudly for my caress. Then he galloped up the stretch, with the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the men cheering.

"He was coming down before his field, the nearest of them lengths away, when I saw him falter and his front leg bend under him. I yelled to the boy to pull him up, and Peter over in the field yelled too. The boy did his best, but he had just as well try to stop a cyclone—just as well. McGregor saw the judges out there in front of him. The other horses were behind him. Fifty yards from the wire his leg had almost given away altogether. The others were closing on him. One was only a couple of lengths away. I could see the light in his eye, and knowing that great heart of his, I felt he would win or die. A dozen yards from the judges the other leg failed him—failed him with his rival hardly a length away. And then with me and Peter screaming to the boy to pull him up, and with the ladies in the grand stand shrieking, and the judges and timers waving the boy to stop him, McGregor, with the bit between his teeth and his eyes on fire, came reeling and stumbling and falling in to his last victory.

"I laid his head in my lap out there on the track where he fell, and just as when he was a little colt, he rubbed his nose against my hand and looked up in my face." There was a break in the old man's voice, and it was several moments before he could speak.

"We buried him in the field by the track," he continued softly, wiping his eyes, "and a tombstone is there to mark his grave. If I go to Heaven when I die, I believe I shall find McGregor there; and if he's not there it won't be Heaven for me. These are my beliefs, and I hope I have not offended any lady or gentleman. If I have, I beg their pardon," and with a courtly bow to the preacher the General left the church.

It was the night before the St. Leger, the great event of the fall meeting. The corridors of the hotels swarmed with big red-faced men, and echoed to the chant of the auction pool-sellers. In his room the General had been sitting alone for several hours. The summer had left its mark on him. His face had the ashen hue of old age, and his clothes hung loosely on his gigantic frame. He had his open Bible turned face downward on his lap, and was staring straight before him. He was roused by a rapping at the door. When he said come in, it opened, and there stood Peter. Peter had his hat in his hand when he opened the door, but he dropped it on the floor and rushed over to catch one of the General's hands in both of his.

"I tole you, Marse George," said Peter, sorrowfully noting the changes in the General's appearance, "nobody knowed how to take care you like ole Petah."

"I'm well now, Peter," replied the General, as he gently forced his visitor into a chair. "The heat bothered me some, but it's all over now. Tell me what you've been doing and how everybody is."

Peter told how he had taken Glengarry to Saratoga after winning a small stake at St. Louis and another at Chicago, and had won two races there with him. Then he was beaten several times, and Peter gave him a long rest and specially prepared him for the great St. Leger.

"He's a fast hoss," said Peter, in conclusion, "but he wants to quit."

"Quits!" cried the General, sharply. "I never had no quitters, Peter, and you know it. Glengarry is a half-brother to McGregor!"

"He don't zackly quit," replied Peter, diplomatically. "I speck he run all he know how to run, but he's prejudiced 'gainst goin' fur."

"Certainly," said the General, in a mollified tone, "all horses have prejudices, just like you and me. What starts to-morrow?"

"Six or eight; nothin' no 'count 'cept Colonel Thompson's Sir Rake, an' he's a fav't ovah the field. Glengarry's better'n he evah wuz in his life; ef he kin run all de way he'll suttinly win. I got Isaac to ride him. I hab all dem stakes he win heah wid me," continued Peter, getting up from his chair, where he had been nervously fidgeting for several minutes. "I made dem sec'taries put it all into writin' zackly how it stood an' how much fahfits wuz comin' to us." Then he carefully unbuttoned his coat and vest, opened his shirt, and began unwinding from around his body several leather straps which bound a long thick pocket-book to his breast. The straps had been buckled and then carefully sewed with wax-ends. Altogether, it was no easy task to get them off. The big pocket-book was finally brought forth, however, and set on the table in the middle of the room. Peter cautiously opened it and disclosed a number of packages tied with different colored strings, for purposes of identification. The General untied them, and found each package contained a sum of money, with the secretaries' statement of the amount won and the amount of the forfeits yet uncollected. The General counted the money and found that it amounted to $6000. He divided it into two piles of equal amount, and pushed one of them across to Peter.

"Peter," he exclaimed, gratefully, "I am under many obligations to you. Half that money is yours. Now don't you go acting foolish," he added, sharply, as Peter opened his mouth to protest. "I want you to take my half and put it on Glengarry to-morrow."

"What's an ole fool nigger like me gwine to do wid all dat money?" cried Peter, plaintively; "an' what you t'ink Mandy's gwine to say? Why, Marse George, Mandy'd take de top right offen my haid. Mandy—"

"Peter," interrupted the General, sternly, "do what I tell you. Peter, what have you been doing since you have been up North? You take that money."

As Peter reluctantly started to pick up the money, he noticed his account sheets and colored strings piled in a promiscuous heap.

"How's I gwine to tell about dem sec'taries?" he cried in dismay. "Marse George, you'll have to fix 'em all up agin." The General assured him that he would take care of that, and Peter looked relieved.

Then Peter and the General fell into an animated conversation about the horse and the coming race; and the General told Peter that if Glengarry won they would return to the old place. They went back together over races long gone by, and laughed heartily about the happenings of their youth. The black cloud which seemed to have settled over the General lifted, and he talked with a gayety and hopefulness Peter had not seen him display in years.

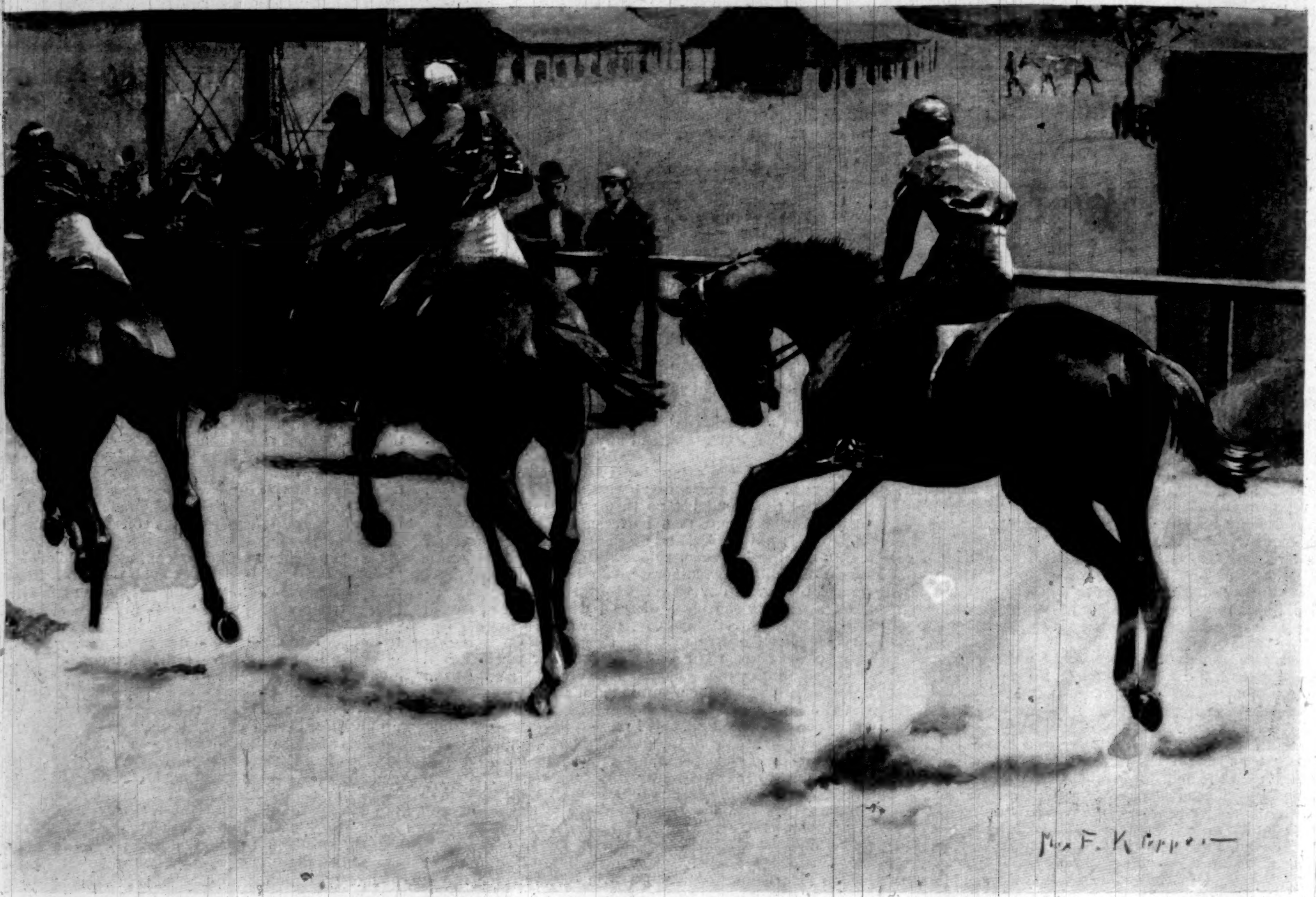
It was very late that night when Peter, having brushed and arranged the General's best suit, and sharpened his razor and set out his shaving-mug, started off for the race-track to prepare for the morrow. As he stealthily opened the door and was tiptoeing out, he gave one final glance around the room. A stray beam of moonlight had crept through the half-closed shutters and rested caressingly on the General's careworn face. He was sleeping as peacefully as a child, and his lips were parted in a smile.

The day of the great race came in with cloudless skies. In the air there was just the faintest hint of the coming winter. Here and there the leaves flamed into gold and vivid russets and browns, but the grass was still thick and green, and the mid-day sun beamed down with uncomfortable warmth. All the city went out to the track to see the big race. Society smiled from the club-house verandas, and the populace pushed in the free field. Gay parties of ladies, whose beauty was well set off by gowns of more pronounced color than are worn by their more sedate sisters in the North, attended by devoted escorts, strolled about the club-house lawn. The air was full of laughter and merriment.

The General, who had dressed most carefully, arrived at the track early. After he had visited the stable and critically examined Glengarry, he went to the club-house. Every one was glad to see him. He walked about from group to group, shaking hands and exchanging compliments with old-fashioned gallantry. It was a pleasant sight to see him bending over some young girl's hand, his face lighting up with pleasure, as he protested his devotion. The surroundings were like wine to him. His eyes brightened and his cheeks flushed.

While the General was enjoying himself at the club-house, Peter was in a state of extraordinary excitement at the stable. A dozen times he tested the bridle and saddle, tugged at the bit, and pulled at the stirrup leathers. He spent much time with Isaac, repeating his directions over and over.

"You must take him to de front and keep him dar,"



"GLENGARRY, A GREAT, POWERFUL, BIG-BONED BLACK, IS LAST OF ALL."

said Peter, earnestly. "Don't you go foolin' wid him, 'cause he's a hoss wid prejudices, and you mus' reason wid him. Ef you go a-kickin' and a-hittin' him he'll stop shuah. You jes lay along easy like wid 'im till you git to de straitch. Den you say: 'Glenga'y, none ob dem hosses back yondah can't beat you. Dey can't tech you, side, aidge, nor bottom. You mighty fine hoss, Glenga'y, dat's what you is. An' none dem fool hosses gwine to come neah you. I always knowed you wuz a fine hoss, Glenga'y,' you say, 'an' now I knows it mo' and mo'.'

"Isaac, while you talkin' you keep yo' eyes fixed on dat hoss's years. Ef you see dem years a-movin' up and down, up and down, like a sunflower when de hummin'-bird peck at it, you know he payin' 'tention to you. Den you let out you las' wrap, an' dat hoss 'll come belten down de track so fast make yo' wool stan' straight up on yo' haid."

"S'pose his years stan' still?" asked Isaac.

"Den, Isaac," replied Peter, mournfully, "de Lawd hab mercy on me! Ef dat hoss's years don't wag, it's a sign he's mad about somethin', and when he's mad nobody don't know what he's gwine to do."

Before the jockeys' names went up on the board Peter held hurried conversations with several of his most trusted friends, ending each conversation by slipping rolls of money to them with the greatest secrecy. Then he rushed off towards the stable. On the way he was stopped a score of times by book-makers, touts, and heavy bettors, all of whom wanted to know about the condition of the horse.

"Dat Glenga'y hoss ain't no 'count 'tall," Peter replied, with unblushing mendacity. "He won't eat and he won't drink, an' his laigs been in ice-watah all to-day and all yistidy."

The inquirers hurried back to the betting-ring to give their valuable information to the book-makers, with the result that the price against Glengarry constantly lengthened.

Peter continued on to the stable, where he entered Glengarry's stall, closing the door behind him, only leaving a little aperture, through which he peered anxiously. Every few moments one of his friends arrived and slipped into his hands a bundle of book-makers' tickets. "What price yo' git?" Peter would whisper. "Six," or "Seben," or "Eight," the reply would be, and the man would slink away. Peter's comment was invariably the same: "Um, six; dat ain't no price." "Um, seben; dat ain't no price." And even the last messenger, who got ten to one, was told by the avaricious Peter that ten was no price. He took his big bundle of tickets and carefully slipped them into his pocket, holding them there tightly clinched in his hand. Then with his other hand he carefully shook out his big pocket-book. It was absolutely empty. "Hi!" he chuckled; "speck we go back to de ole place now ef we win." He had bet all of his own money with the General's.

Meanwhile the General was advising all his friends at the club-house to bet on Glengarry. "Sir Rake belongs to my friend Colonel Jack Thompson," he always added, "and he is a clever gentleman, but Glengarry is bred to stay. His blood on both sides is the choicest in the stud-book, and Peter says he was never better."

"Down in the ring, General," cried a young man who had just rushed up, "they say the horse is off his feed, and his leg has been in ice-water for two days. Jim Billson, the book-maker, got it straight from your trainer, and he told me to put my money on the favorite."

"Mr. Billson is mistaken, sir," replied the General, stiffly. "Peter always tells the truth about my horses. It is the rule of my stable." (Oh, Peter, Peter, into what devious ways hath thy too great loyalty led thee!) "I consider it an honor, sir, when a gentleman wagers on my horse, and to deceive any one would be a most dishonorable thing—a most dishonorable thing. I repeat, sir, Mr. Billson has been misinformed."

While he was speaking, Peter came trotting across the lawn, one hand still clutching the bundle of tickets in his pocket. The perspiration was streaming down his little black face. As he drew near he took off his hat with his disengaged hand.

"Peter," said the General, "there are stories in the betting-ring that Glengarry hasn't eaten and that his leg is swelled. They are reported to have come from you. I have just assured this gentleman that his informant was mistaken."

"Co'se; I neber said it," replied Peter, in the most aggrieved tone. "Dem touts don't do nothin' but come pester'n' roun' me. Dey kin lie faster'n any hoss ebber did run. I tole 'em dis," continued Peter, in a tone of righteous indignation; "I sez dat hoss didn't eat, and his laig wuz swell up big as my haid—at Sahtoga. But he's all right now, I sez, plain as I'm sayin' it now—up at Sahtoga, I sez, not down heah."

The General bowed courteously to the young man, and, as if the matter admitted of no further argument, asked Peter about the betting.

Peter recounted the amounts bet and the prices obtained, while the General nodded, and remarked that the money had been placed at astonishingly good figures. And now the General began to show more and more an increasing nervousness. He could not stand still a moment. Again and again he walked the length of the lawn. At length, with an effort, he threw himself into a wide rustic chair at the extreme end of the club-house veranda. A cluster of wandering honeysuckle, withered by the frost, hung above his head. Sitting here, he could get a perfect view of the race.

Presently the horses come striding through the paddock gate, one by one, the solemn-faced jockeys on their backs looking neither to the right nor to the left. The favorite is the first to canter up the track—a long, clean-limbed, bloodlike chestnut, who receives the cheers of the multitude with princely indifference. After him troop the field; Glengarry, a great, powerful, big-boned black, is last of all. The General's popular colors win applause which would not otherwise have been bestowed upon their uncertain bearer. The start is from directly in front of the stand, and a fine picture it makes in the sunlight—the horses with their lithe graceful bodies, the jockeys in vivid reds and blues, with the packed thousands moving restlessly about them.

The field is stretched across the track, an ever-shifting line, which breaks and forms and breaks again. At last, as if with one movement, the compact mass sweeps by the starter, the red flag in his hand flashes down, and up from the eager thousands comes a responsive roar. Before the cry has rolled down the stretches of the track, Glengarry has sprung forth from the field, and with amazing swiftness has opened up an ever-increasing chasm of light. It is a long cry to the finish, however, the journey being twice around the track, and the patient jockeys on the horses behind sit still and watch the pace-maker. On around the turn and into the back stretch sweeps Glengarry, his long black body close to the ground, like a greyhound, his jockey sitting motionless and holding him under a gentle pull. Five lengths, ten lengths, twenty lengths, every moment he quickens his extraordinary pace; every moment he increases his tremendous lead.

"Half in forty-nine," cries Colonel Jack Thompson, clicking his stop-watch; "the pace 'll kill him."

Around the far turn and out of the back stretch flies the great black, his smooth, easy, effortless action giving no hint yet of tiring. The nearest to him is the favorite, whose backers have already begun to murmur. Into the stretch and past the cheering thousands along the fences speeds Glengarry. "Mile in forty," cries Colonel Jack, uneasily, "and blame me if he ain't goin' faster!"

As Glengarry turns once more into the back stretch, Sir Rake is thirty lengths away. Already the field is beginning to straggle, and still the black horse continues his breathless rush.

For the last time Glengarry sweeps out of the back stretch. Far away down behind him the broken field skirts the rail in disorderly rout, with the dust hanging over them. Sir Rake alone has a chance to beat him, but what a chance!

"Glengarry wins! Glengarry wins!"—the air is full of the cry. What chance is there in that shattered field, where the spurs are driving and the whips are falling, to catch the flying leader? The final turn is passed. A quarter of a mile straight away is the finish and victory.

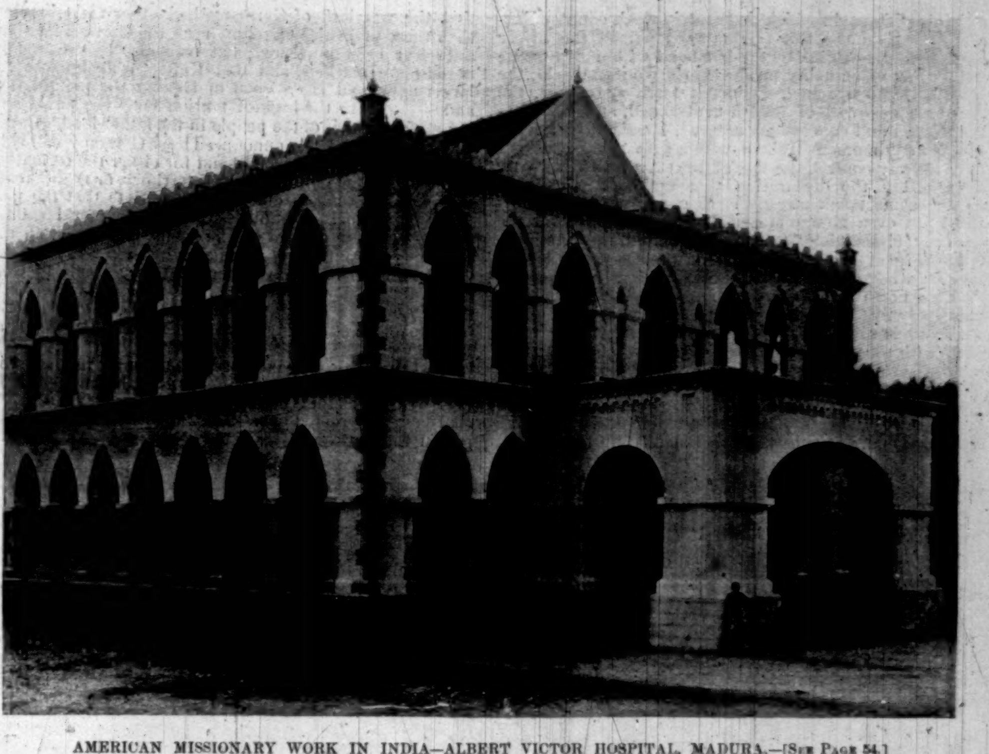
And now a faint cheer comes up from the backers of the favorite. Surely he is gaining. A furlong further and the cheering has grown a thousandfold. The awful pace has at last told. The leader is stopping; and behind him, overhauling him stubbornly inch by inch and foot by foot, gamely answering by fresh effort the shower of blows rained down on him, comes the favorite. At the furlong pole a dozen lengths separate them; at the sixteenth pole the dozen have dwindled into half a dozen, into five, into four, into three. The crowd is mad with excitement.

Slowly, slowly, like a weary swimmer fighting against a strong current, Glengarry is dropping back. The resistless speed which carried all before it has left only a tired and broken horse. The three lengths have dwindled into two, and the two have narrowed into one. Along the rails men are screaming like lunatics. In the grand stand women are hysterically shrieking. A dozen yards from the finish and the two horses are side by side. Half a dozen yards and Sir Rake's chestnut head shows clear before his rival.

And now the supreme moment has come. With the instinct of the great jockey, Isaac, almost in the final jump, makes a last desperate call. With knees so closely pressed against Glengarry that the wildly throbbing heart beneath strikes them like the beat of a hammer, he suddenly digs his heels into his horse's panting sides, and with hands and body and knees all united, lifts him across the line. So close are the two heads as they sweep by the judges that not one in that wildly yelling crowd is sure of the winner.

They surge around the judges' stand, some crying the favorite's name, and some Glengarry's. At last, after ages of delay to the tense-nerved multitude, the numbers are slowly hoisted on the board across the way. A great cheer goes up from the grand stand and mingles with another cheer from the club-house lawn. Glengarry has won.

The cheering had died away. In the period of calm which followed, those who had so vehemently applauded the winner turned to congratulate his owner. They found him sitting in the big rustic chair at the end of the piazza, the bunch of withered honeysuckle drooping above his head, his face turned to the race-track he had loved so well. At his feet crouched a little black figure, wildly clinging to hands cold and motionless for evermore, and, with a grief which knew no consolation, mourning over the last of the Beaumonts.



AMERICAN MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA—ALBERT VICTOR HOSPITAL, MADURA.—[See Page 54.]

EUROPE IN CHINA.

EVER since Linschoten plucked the key from the girdle of Portugal and opened a way to the far East, two great powers have been advancing—the one by land, the other by water—to possess the trade of the Orient. They are Russia and England. Their goal is gold and a market. These they crave even more than land. We and all English-speaking folk have been taught that the supreme prize was India, and that the final struggle of the two great rivals was to be amid the Pamirs, on the roof of the world. British hopes and fears pointed that way. Rhetoric, statecraft, and wisdom seemed to require it. It is certain that the Czar's policy was to keep up this idea long after it represented a reality. By sapping and mining processes the nations north of the Himalayas were stirred to troublesome action, which led England into several costly wars. In 1856 Lord Palmerston, in declaring war against Persia, explained that "we are beginning to reveal the first openings of trenches against India by Russia." At this moment, in 1898, the fruit of this "forward policy," supposed to have been necessary to checkmate Russia, holds the flower of the British army in the high region of rocks and snow north of India, all of which Russia likes exceedingly.

Now the world wakes up to see that steam and the railway have changed the situation, and thrown the line of battle close to the Pacific shore. Long ago the Russians foresaw this. When, in 1860, their surveyors planted the first stakes at the edge of the forest overlooking Peter the Great Bay, within fifty miles of Korea, they named it Vladivostok, which means "Possession of the East." Here, in 1863, some trees were felled and shanties put up. Where a tiger had been shot a few days before, a government office was erected, though not far away a man leaving two horses to be shod outside the smithy had them both devoured by tigers. Oak and pine gave way to the houses built from them. In 1878 there were 1400 settlers in the town. In this year, 1898, the civilian population of Vladivostok is over 25,000, while its military contingent may be quite probably as large. During this past summer there were at one time in the noble bay nine Russian men-of-war, including the *Rurik*, and the large three-funnelled *Azoff* that brought the present Czar, when Czarevitch, on his unlucky visit to Japan some years ago. No longer do the Russians fear the ice. The American ice-breakers, whose effective work in the Delaware River the writer well remembers, now keep the channel open, so that the Czar's fleet can get its supplies of coal and provision at home. Furthermore, there is at Vladivostok a first-class dry dock. The terminus of the world's longest railway, 6000 miles long, which unites "all the Russias," is at this place. It has been built for futurity. All experts agree as to the solidity and thoroughness of the work on the bed, the rails, the stations, and the rolling-stock. The cars are of the American type, each with platform and lavatory, and bedding for the night travellers. The locomotives are from Philadelphia. Over the lakes, where no bridges can yet be built, the trains are run on boats specially built for the purpose. Even here the ice-breaker is at work to annihilate winter.

UNITED STATES ARMY PACK-TRAIN *EN ROUTE* FOR ALASKA.—[See Page 70.]

This maritime Russian province of Primorsk has been settled by picked emigrants from Russia, each of whom has property, or, if assisted by government, must be of excellent character. Convict labor was abandoned in 1894, and the work on the railway is chiefly done by Chinese laborers, though Russian soldiers are largely utilized. Fifty merchant-steamers ply upon the thousand miles of navigable portion of the noble Amur River, with its forest-covered shores. The "volunteer fleet" sail in warmer waters to Europe. Grass, timber, water, coal, minerals, a soil as rich as that of the prairies of Illinois, await the settlers, who come out at the rate of from seven hundred to a thousand families a year. Young, hopeful, Vladivostok and Primorsk province seem to be following the pace set by the Czarevitch, now Emperor, when he inaugurated the railway by himself wheeling off the first barrowful of earth and placing the first stone. Then the work began simultaneously at both ends which is to bring the traveller within sixteen days of London.

The prize is China. With the most fertile plain in the world, with incredible mineral riches as yet almost untouched, with a wonderful coast-line, with a vast population, whose very density is an element of weakness, China stands bleating like a fat sheep amid wolves. Five great powers, armed with terrific forces, possessing the fleetness, endurance, and cunning of the typical enemy of the lamb, stand ready to rend and devour. Japan having piteously exposed China's weakness, Russia having made China her debtor, having her secret treaty all drawn up, and having virtually ousted Japan from Korea—now practically a Russian protectorate—only the unscrupulous action of Germany in seizing Kiao-chou was needed to hasten the impending issue. To-day the navies of five great maritime nations are assembled in, or are hurrying to, the China seas. Portugal, Spain, and Holland, though possessing territory close at hand, are *hors concours*.

In the group of powers eager to dismember China, Japan must be included. For a year or more Russia's gaze has been, of necessity, averted from Constantinople. Why? Because, with Japan's grudge and waiting for revenge, on account of Russia's interference in 1895, half of the Czar's fleet must be kept in Chinese waters. Then Japan seemed but a jackal to the bear. Compelled to drop the prey which the bear wanted later, it hardly looks like a jackal that to-day is challenging Russia's advance. With the addition of three more of the finest floating fortresses in the world, with fleet and army in the highest state of efficiency, with nine points of the law, and a garrison on Chinese soil at Wei Hai-wei, Japan can no longer be brushed out of the way by Russia alone. Yet, whether there is to be an Anglo-Japanese alliance, confronted by a threefold coalition of Russia, Germany, and France, is the question of perhaps the immediate future.

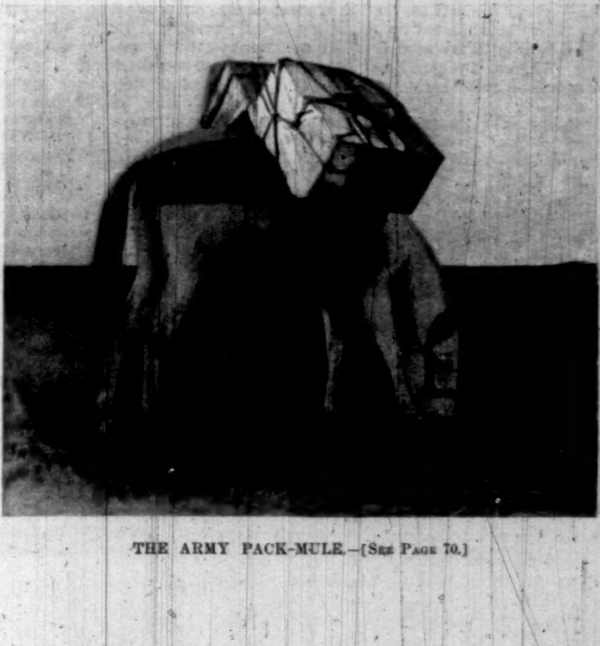
Now that five nations are contending for the body of moribund China, let us see what foothold each one has, and the conditions under which each proposes to hold possession. Hitherto China's foreign policy has been summed up in the idea of simply playing off one barbarian nation against another. Very probably the end of that policy has come.

Though Portugal for nearly three hundred years held Macao, together with the monopoly of foreign trade, it was and is without acknowledgment of right from China. It was Great Britain that first set the example and began the process of dismemberment, by occupying Hong-kong, off the southern coast, close to populous Kwan-tong, and near the mouths of two rivers. Ships and soldiers gave nine points of the law, and the tenth point was secured by the treaty of Nankin, which ended the opium war. When the Russians, in the early sixties, attempted to be imitative, and to occupy the twin Tsushima Islands, near Japan, British pressure compelled them to leave. In 1885 the British flag was raised over Port Hamilton, between Quelpart Island and the southern tip of Korea, at the gateway of the Yellow Sea. Under the combined protest from St. Petersburg and Seoul, the place—withal not being defensible without costly fortification—was abandoned. Opinion in the East seems to be that Great Britain has long coveted the island of Chusan, not far from Shanghai, and near the mouth of China's greatest river and the Grand Canal—in a word, near the chief point of traffic. In the text of two British treaties with China it is stipulated that Chusan shall be ceded to no other power, and that Great Britain shall protect the island. Great Britain to-day controls sixty-seven per cent. of China's foreign trade, and will not willingly yield leadership.

Russia has the advantage by land, and England by the sea. Russia is a homogeneous empire. She owns one-sixth of the dry land of the globe; six millions of the eight and a half millions of square miles under the Czar's sceptre are in Asia. Great Britain is the mightiest colonial nation in the world. Her navy has no peer; her financial system is the strongest on earth. Her colonies, full of loyal children, rich in character and resources, are all over the world, and even within easy reach of the great yellow prize by sea. Her banks, her ships, her resources, and her enterprising people are many. Look to the southwest and see how the frontiers of India, including Burmah, touch immediately on China from the Pamir on the west to the Cambodia River and beyond on the east. Her pioneers of trade, eager to open new markets, have already travelled between Bhamo on the Irrawaddy to Canton, along the rich river valleys of Yunnan and Quang-si, in southern China, whose swarming populations are expected to be British customers within a few years. Look, too, how her territory in the southern Burmah to the Isthmus of Craw, in the Golden Chersonese or Malay peninsula, in Sarawak and British North Borneo, give her tremendous advantages of re-enforcement and support, to say nothing of Australia and New Zealand farther afield. Great Britain practically controls nearly all the commerce of southern or peninsular Asia, and the ocean is her own. If victory in the fight for markets and in the commercial wars which may end in the partition of China depends in the last analysis upon the length of purse, it looks as though the British would win the day.

Nevertheless, the advantage of a homogeneous empire banded together by common faith, ambitions, desires, hopes, needs, and prospects, all of them undergirded by modern material forces, makes the situation very hopeful for the Muscovites. An American does not look upon the Russian with an Englishman's eye. Even should he forget Queen Catherine's refusal to rent out Russian mercenaries to King George III., or the courtesy and friendliness always extended to our sailors in the northern Pacific, or the imperial kindness during our civil war, he cannot be blind to the fact that in Central Asia large areas once inhabited by turbulent and murderous tribes have been brought under peace and civilization. He sees in the reclamation of Siberia and the development of its resources a picture not radically different from the settlement of the great West on his own continent. Between a Russian and a Chinese, he must choose the former. He longs to see the resources of the stagnant empire, so long like a hermit ignorant of the wealth beneath his feet, brought into the markets of the world, and the Middle Kingdom flooded with the light of Christianity. If of the philosophic mind, he longs also to see whatever China can teach us made the property of the whole race.

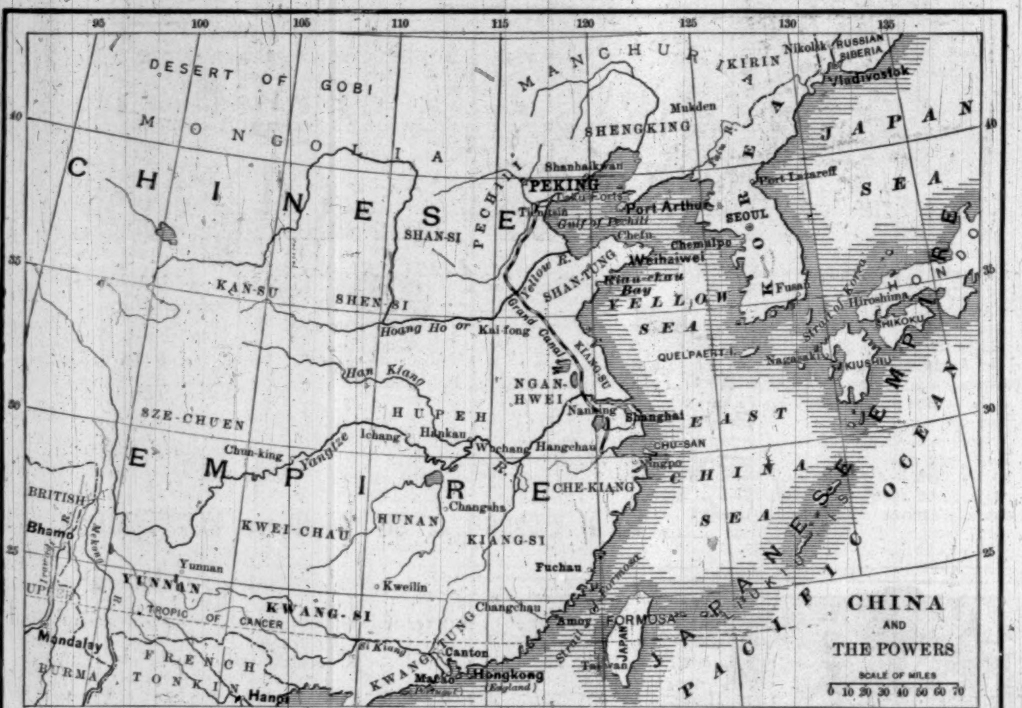
In actuality the Russians have the unspeakable advantage of a country which on the whole northern frontier, for three thousand miles, lies along and even encloses the empire of Ta-Tsing. On the extreme north, at the bend of the Amur River, and again at the head-waters of the Yenisei, but also as far south as the 38th parallel on the west, and at the Tumen River on the east, Russia touches China. The splendid and promising province of Primorsk lies eastward of Manchuria, along a frontier of several hundred miles, with eleven miles of river-front



THE ARMY PACK-MULE.—[See Page 70.]

adjoining Korea, in which desperately weak country Russia has within the last few months gained the upper hand. Holding China by the left hand with a grip whose five fingers of actuality mean Siberia won and held, the Pacific Ocean reached, Primorsk territory gained, the Japanese conquest of 1894–5 neutralized, and loans hypothecated and concessions secured, Russia's other hand may at any moment tighten with a grip that means not only railway control, the use of Port Arthur as a winter seaport, but the declaration that not only Manchuria (which some think already is as good as Russian territory), but even Mongolia and Leao-tong should, for the sake of "civilization," become part of "all the Russias."

Looking at the composition of the Chinese Empire, this does not seem at all impossible, since between the extreme north and China south of Peking there is comparatively little cohesion, while patriotism, in the sense of the word as used in Europe, is not an element to be reckoned with among the Chinese. Even now China has no national army or navy, but only provincial militia, and a few wooden ships belonging to the maritime provinces. Even if patriotism existed, there are no means of concentrating armies, which, even massed together, would not be truly national. It does not seem at all improbable that the greater part of the empire (that is mighty in size, but not in the forces and virtues which hold political structures together) north of the Hoang-ho River and the great mountain ranges to the westward will, during the next century, be a part of "all the Russias." England's choice and desire would be the central and richest part of China, drained by the Yang Tse-kiang, whose head-waters run parallel with the rivers of Burmah, in which region concessions looking to trade developed by the locomotive have been gained. A British railroad from Mandalay to Canton, and thence to Nanking and Shanghai, may quite reasonably be looked for during the century to come.



Next among those powers which have thus far helped to break up the old Chinese world is France, a nation which has no genius and few resources for the making of colonies. Still she perseveres. Within a generation she has won Tong-king and An-nam and Cochin China, and to-day controls the commerce of the Mei-kong River, having made the eastern half of Siam—to all intents and purposes, through forced treaty obligations—a French protectorate. Yet, except for furnishing functionaries with offices and salaries, and a precarious market for necessaries and luxuries from France, it is hard to see what benefit, beyond the gratification of ambition, they afford to Frenchmen. Nevertheless, it is said that the French have hoisted their flag over the island of Hainan, which is nearest their Cochin-Chinese possessions. Hainan contains between two and three millions of people—or is supposed to, for the central and main part of the island is inhabited by aboriginal tribes, against whom the Chinese defend themselves but whom they cannot govern. The coast region inhabited by the Chinese is rich in tropical fruits and productions. The possession of this island would give the French a tremendous re-enforcement of their power, though in any struggle for the fertile provinces of southern China they would certainly have a long contest with the better-based claim of Great Britain.

In recent years Germany has greatly expanded her commerce to the far East. The excellence of the German manufactures and the honesty and ability of her merchants are conceded by all. The Germans are reaping the benefit of that wonderful movement in industrial education and manual training begun over a generation ago. Herr Wagner, who gave the Japanese workmen such a tremendous start in their power to utilize Western chemistry and labor-saving methods, was a type of the thoroughly accomplished *techniker* now to be found frequently in the East. Travellers, learned men, and military officers have added to the fame of Germany; but no serious attempt seems to have been made under Bismarck's régime to own territory adjacent to the great market of China, except that, after the Franco-Prussian war, the desire of Germany seemed to be to purchase Formosa. The recent occupation of Kiao-chou, with its splendid bay and harbor, its little river, its adjacent salt-beds and lake, inexhaustible after two thousand years of working, and its commanding situation in a rich province between the two greatest Chinese rivers, and within easy reach of Korea and Japan, shows that the war lord of Germany had other ends in view than those of justice merely. True, the German missionaries had been murdered; but true also that Germany needs more markets, and that Kaiser Wilhelm wants a larger navy, and is desirous of feeding the imagination and keeping to the highest tension both the naval and the military spirit of the people in the father-land. Under the terms of her lately announced lease Germany will hold the point gained, and be on hand for either the formation of alliances, the gaining of new territory, or the increase of trade. It seems in one way appropriate that the people whose schools and universities lead the world should make their first seizure of the Chinese territory in the province of Confucius. It is certain, however, to be for many years to come an experiment very costly to Germany, for, without colonies or possessions in the East, supplies must be brought from the other end of the world in Europe. Yet already there are 4500 German troops at Kiao-chou.

Next to Russia, Japan is perhaps the most interested in contemporaneous politics in the far East, because she is so near, and her claim is double. Her controversy with Russia is a deeply rooted one. The Japanese have never forgotten the Russian invasions of their northern territory early in this century, nor do the Russians ignore the imprisonment which their officers suffered in bygone days, or the injury to the person of their Emperor in 1891. Under pressure, the Japanese were obliged to surrender Saghalin Island, with its harbors and mineral resources, for the worthless, fog-buried Kurile Islands. For ages Japan claimed Korea as tributary. Later, as the Japanese think, they nobly and generously first waived their feudal claim, magnanimously recognizing the once hermit nation as independent, made treaties of friendship, sheltered her refugees, and then led her into the school of civilization. Then in 1894, in their view, they entered upon a "righteous war" with the old suzerain, chiefly for the sake of liberating Korea from Chinese despotism and barbarism, pouring out blood and treasure copiously—all of which the Koreans do not apparently appreciate in the least. Then, owing to the folly of their envoy, Miura, they saw the Russians, who never fail to take advantage of an enemy's mistake, step in, first to influence and then to power, until, in defiance of treaties, as the Japanese aver, Russia controls the finances and the military resources of the peninsular kingdom. To the Japanese it seems vital that Korea should remain at least friendly to them, and free from any special Russian movement. Added to this is the determination to regain the Chinese territory once conquered and occupied, from which Russia, calling to her aid two allies, expelled them.

Every sign in Japan to-day points to this expectation. Not satisfied with Formosa, which the Tokio government has neglected, in order to make of the whole country a camp, every cent of the Chinese indemnity is spent in increasing the navy. The very games and sports of the children are those of war. The book-bags of the school-boys, who are dressed in soldier clothes, are in the form of knapsacks. To-day Japan is exceeding every nation except Great Britain in the number, size, and quality of her war-ships. At the present rate, by 1905, Japan will be the second naval power on the globe. The ship-yards of England, Germany, France, and the United States are helping to complete this new navy, which will defend Japan's own coasts and doubtless take part in partitioning China. Since the late war the Mikado's land forces have been doubled in theory, and very nearly in actuality. Terrible as is the taxation to maintain this gigantic armament, the resources of the country are steadily increasing. The spirit of the people is as yet unquailing in its determination to check Russia and have a part in the decision of the powers concerning their old friend and enemy China. To-day their regiments hold Wei Hai-wei, and the general tone of the Japanese press over the German episode at Kiao-chou is that of gratitude to Kaiser Wilhelm, because he has given Japan so strong a pretext for holding her troops on the coveted soil of China. Since the sun-banner is to wave over Li Hung-Chang's captured masterpiece of masonry until the last tael of indemnity is paid, and since China must strain every nerve to raise the money, in the face of a deluge of fresh burdens, the probability of the Japanese evacuation is rather remote. China has now only 230 miles of railway, though many thousand more are planned and await resources. Russia desires to have control not only of the imperial customs, so long ably managed by the Englishman Mr. Hart, but also of the revenues from the land tax, the salt tax, and even of the *li-ki* duties, in order that China shall spend her money according to dictation from St. Petersburg. The Chinese railways to be built under Russian supervision are to "follow the Russian railway regulations, in order to facilitate the commercial intercourse between the respective empires," and "the entire control shall be in the hands of Russia for thirty years."

The situation is complicated, but it would seem that Great Britain and Japan, should they form an alliance, are better fitted to hold the key to the immediate situation—unless, indeed, Great Britain's Mohammedan population of fifty millions should rise in mutiny or Japan's finances come to a crash. One thing seems to be certain—that for the long race, for futurity, Russia has, if not the very best chance, then the first among equal chances. Her mass and methods, slow and sure, resemble the glacier's. To the Muscovite, England has come to her high noon, France is in the afternoon, Italy dwells in sunset shadows, and Spain has already entered twilight, while with Russia it is fresh morning, and all the future is her own. But then it must be remembered that the Japanese are also a young race, while England has a long bright period before her yet. The Teutonic nations emerged into history about the same time as the Japanese, for Japanese "history" before the fifth century is only gauze-work woven of fables and of mythology. The real fact is that old China, with the diseases and infirmities of senility, is confronted by two of the youngest races on earth as her immediate neighbors, in whose presence she must either suffer political death, however slow the process or prolonged the agonies, or else find some fountain of youth or that elixir of life for which her sages long sought. If this course be hopeless, so also seems that of reformation, as being too late. "On seeing the enemy, begin to whet arrow-heads," is an ancient proverb sadly applicable to China's present situation.

The impending war may turn out to be one of wit and words rather than of swords and shells. Muscovite and Briton are so grandly developing Asia, and Japan has so much yet to do in educating her people, while poverty of the common people is so terrible in the European lands, to say nothing of that in the Middle Kingdom, and to make no mention of nihilists and the unrest of Islam, that in all probability the statesmen of civilization will conquer at least an armed peace. This is costly, but it is cheaper than war. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THE OUTLOOK IN AUSTRIA.

December 22, 1897.

AUSTRIA is in the throes of a political upheaval. Badeni has fallen, Germans and Czechs are flying at each other's throats, and the riots at Prague have led to the proclamation of martial law in that city.

It is no new story. In Bohemia in particular the struggle of nationality and of language has been one of centuries. The Hungarian revolution of 1848 added fresh fuel to the smouldering fire, and of late years the Czech party has made giant strides. Whilst the Czechs have steadily gained ground, the Germans (using the word to represent the Austrians of Teutonic origin) have lost it all along the line. The latter are not even united among themselves. Liberals, Anti-Semites, and Conservatives are but some of the factions that go to make up the so-called German party.

To glance briefly at the events of the last few months:

When Count Badeni, the late Premier, found it impossible to provide himself with a trustworthy majority from among the German Deputies he turned in desperation to the Slav party, of whom the Czechs are the principal factor. "Issue the Languages Decrees which we have long demanded," replied they, "and we will help you."

This Badeni did, not as a Parliamentary measure, but by a simple administrative order, and therein lay his great blunder. The sum and substance of the decrees is this, that every official in the state service in *Bohemia* must speak the two languages, German and Czech, thus making the Bohemian language as much the official tongue as the German.

The German party, up in arms against the ordinances in themselves and also against the way in which they were thrust upon them, vowed to render all legislation impossible until the "Sprachen-Verordnungen" had been withdrawn. The disgraceful scenes which took place in the Austrian Reichsrath were means to this end, and finally Badeni resigned.

But this seeming triumph of the German party was the signal for fresh outbursts of a different kind. The Czechs, to whom the Languages Decrees had been but one step towards their final aim—*i. e.*, the abolition of the dual and the substitution of a triple empire; in other words, to place Bohemia on an equal footing with Austria and Hungary—saw with the fall of Badeni the downfall of their hopes. Hence the riots in Prague and other places.

The legislation over which the late ministry actually broke down was no less than the "Ausgleich," or terms of agreement and union between Austria and Hungary. This question may indeed be settled temporarily by the will of the Emperor; but what of the future? Hungary has also her aspirations, and would be but too glad to make herself still more independent of Austria.

Paul Gautsch, Baron of Frankenthurm, the new Premier, was born in Vienna, in 1851. In appearance he bears a certain personal resemblance to Mr. Arthur Balfour. He is a German by birth, and in politics may be called a Liberal Conservative. He was Minister of Public Instruction under both Taaffe and Badeni, and in this position did much towards making the curriculum of education less heavy and pedantic. He also endeavored to introduce and foster athletics in the schools throughout Austria. It is worthy of remark that though in the late ministry he did *not* sign the famous "Sprachen-Verordnungen," his present colleagues are for the most part "bureaucrats"—hard-working men, but little known, who will doubtless follow implicitly the will of their leader.

Gautsch's position is a difficult one. His efforts must be directed to effecting a truce between the Czech and German parties—a sufficiently unenviable task in itself. So far his attempts in this direction have been fruitless. The Germans demand the revocation of the Lex *Fallenhagen*, the law empowering the president to expel Deputies from the House, passed, as the Germans say, illegally on the eve of Badeni's fall; the dismissal of the present Parliamentary President, Herr Abrahamovics, a faithful follower of Badeni; and, finally, the withdrawal of the "Sprachen-Verordnungen," or the Languages Decrees. These terms are directly opposed by the Czechs, and a deadlock seems to have come.

The position in Prague and throughout Bohemia is sufficiently serious. Though the riots have been crushed by force of arms, there is little doubt that were the severe measures that have been taken to be relaxed the trouble would begin again.

In many well-informed quarters the present ministry is looked upon as merely temporary, and the successor to Baron Gautsch is already spoken of. It is stated on the best authority that this will be no less a personage than Count Franz Thun, the late Governor of Bohemia. He is a clever and most energetic man, Austrian to the core, and an intimate friend of the Archduke Francis-Ferdinand, the heir to the crown. Count Thun, one of the first and richest noblemen of Bohemia, was formerly attached to the old Czech party. His term of office in Bohemia, however, was remarkable for the strict impartiality shown by him, for which he was much hated by the Young Czechs, who had hoped in vain for his support. When Badeni became Prime Minister it was looked upon as a defeat for Thun, and Thun's dismissal from the government was the result of the secret antagonism of the two men. Now Badeni has fallen in his turn, and Thun is picked out as the coming man.

It is fortunate for Austria-Hungary that her relationships with foreign powers are thoroughly satisfactory, and that she possesses such a talented and capable foreign minister as Count Goluchowsky. Comparatively a young man still, being but some forty-seven years of age, he has in a short space of time proved himself the right man in the right place. This is all the more remarkable as he had held no prominent diplomatic position before his appointment, and his appointment in itself came quite unexpectedly. It is said that Count Kalnocky recommended him to the Emperor with the idea that he would prove unequal to his task, and that he (Kalnocky) would be soon recalled. But if this were so, the late Foreign Minister was very much out in his reckoning.

Count Goluchowsky may indeed be said to be one of the first statesmen of the time. He has not only preserved the Triple Alliance, but has contrived to better the condition of Austria with regard to the other great powers. Austria has not shown so much energy for many years in the affairs of Europe as under his guiding hand, and had his propositions in regard to Crete been accepted when first made, much bloodshed and misery might have been spared. Whether the compact with Russia is not to the advantage of the latter rather than to Austria is a delicate question, and there is a suspicion that the agreement may have been arrived at at the expense of an old friend of Austria—England. Count Goluchowsky's feelings towards Great Britain, and those of Austria generally, are known to be, however, thoroughly friendly; and if the words of the count's speech of November 20 about "transmarine competition" refer to England as well as to the United States, the struggle of commerce is one in which both countries have been ever in the van, and neither need fear competition, and the very coupling of the two should be an extra link in the already strong claim of common language and common stock that bind Great Britain and America together.

After all, Austria's great hope of safety lies in the personal popularity of the Emperor. The present state of affairs is, indeed, one of great danger. The empire, already encumbered by the quality of Cisleithania and Transleithania (as Austrians call Austria and Hungary), sees all the different elements that compose it, forgetful of the old adage "Union is strength," clamoring for independence. But all nationalities and parties unite in their veneration for Francis Joseph. He is still the greatest power in the state. His wishes, his words, still sway millions of his subjects. Old traditions die hard, and the devotion of Austrians for their sovereign is proverbial. All the troubles that he has gone through—and he has suffered all that a man and a sovereign can suffer—have served but to endear him still more to his people. And yet the Emperor is the last man to court popularity. He is a simple-hearted, noble-minded gentleman, who lives for his duty and his people.

But when he—already an old man—is gone, what will Austria's fate be? The heir-presumptive, a weakly invalid, is little known. His brother, the Archduke Otto, is handsome and good-natured, a good sportsman, and generally popular. But neither of them will be the old Emperor.

It was Cardinal Mazarin who said that when the House of Hapsburg was on the brink of ruin it produced a miracle from its pockets. Let us hope it will be forth-coming when the critical moment arrives. That moment is nigh.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

A FEW big drops of ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS make tasty the tasteless table waters. The system responds all the better.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

HINDS' HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

For a Clear Skin

Free from all imperfections, whether irritated by heat or cold, sun or wind, or whether subject to skin troubles such as **Chaps, Eruptions, Chafing, Pimples,** or **Eczema,** this cream will correct each and all. It is not a "beautifier," covering up imperfections, but so corrects them and the causes by its purifying and healing properties that it leaves the skin pure and soft, in its natural condition. Equally effective for rough, hard, or dry skin, itching piles, burns, scalds, etc. Free from oily or greasy properties, it does not obstruct the pores or leave the skin sticky or untidy. *It leaves no visible trace of its use.* After shaving it is delightful. For the baby it cures chafing wonderfully. It softens, improves, and preserves the skin, and for the face makes the complexion pure and beautiful.

FOR SALE AT DRUGGISTS, OR SENT, CHARGES PREPAID, 50 CTS.
Sample Bottle sent for 6 cents by addressing
A. S. HINDS, 21 Pine Street, Portland, Me.

O.D.R.
OLD DEARBORN RYE
ESTABLISHED 1848

BOTTLED IN BOND....

Under supervision of **U.S. Internal Revenue Department,** which GUARANTEES its **Age, Purity, and Strength.**

For sale by all **Leading Dealers**

If your dealer does not keep it, send postal order for **$1.50** for full quart bottle, in plain wrapper; expressage prepaid. Safe delivery, and satisfaction guaranteed. Write for circular.

W. P. SQUIBB & CO., Distillers, LAWRENCEBURGH, DEARBORN CO., IND.

FROM PASTURE TO KITCHEN

From the beef "on the hoof" to the Extract in the jars, the **Liebig COMPANY** controls the manufacture of its Extract of Beef. Hence its purity and fine flavor. **Get the genuine with blue signature** and avoid disappointment.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY LIMITED
EXTRACTUM CARNIS LIEBIG
LONDON
GENERAL DEPOT, ANTWERP
BIMMER

After your shoes have had a soaking, Vici Leather Dressing not only gives them a beautiful lustre, but softens the leather and prevents cracking.

VICI Leather Dressing

gives new life to old leather. Best for children's shoes, women's shoes, men's shoes—best for any kind of leather. Prepared by the makers of the famous Vici Kid. Sold by all dealers. A valuable illustrated book about your shoes and their care, mailed free.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Will Carleton's Magazine "Every Where"

You have all heard of WILL CARLETON, the famous poet and editor, author of "Farm Ballads," "City Legends," etc., etc. His Magazine, "EVERY WHERE," contains his latest poems, sketches, and stories. Best of additional literature.

50 Cents a Year.
SPECIAL OFFER: 4 Months for 10 Cents.
Every Where Publishing Co.,
Dept. A B, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine **SOHMER** Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R

New York Warerooms, 149–155 East 14th Street.

Will remove to new SOHMER BUILDING, 170 Fifth Avenue, cor. 22d Street, about February.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

FIFTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, = = = = = = President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1898.

ASSETS.

United States Bonds ($4,323,000) and State, City, County and other Bonds ($103,850,803); cost of both, $103,384,604; market value	$108,173,803
Bonds and Mortgages (900 first liens)	41,082,422
Real Estate (74 pieces, including 12 office buildings)	16,991,000
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest	10,243,984
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal reserve thereon, $13,747,893)	7,900,096
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. ($4,047,817 cost value), market value, December 31, 1897	5,065,948
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value, $5,626,655)	4,507,367
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,164,297
Quarterly and Semi-annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	1,889,474
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1,486,648
Premium Notes on policies in force (reserve charged in Liabilities $2,700,000)	1,189,401
Total	$200,694,440

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per attached certificate of New York Insurance Department)	$164,956,079
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment	2,366,330
Surplus Reserved Fund voluntarily set aside by the Company	16,195,926
Net Surplus (per attached certificate Insurance Superintendent, December 31, 1897)	17,176,105
Total	$200,694,440

CASH INCOME, 1897.

New Premiums	$6,659,815	
Renewal Premiums	26,321,145	
TOTAL PREMIUMS		$32,980,960
Interest, Rents, &c		8,812,124
Total		$41,793,084

EXPENDITURES, 1897.

Paid for Losses, Endowments, and Annuities	$14,052,908
Paid for Dividends and Surrender Values	5,356,541
Commissions ($3,239,964) on New Business of $135,555,794, Medical Examiners' Fees and Inspection of Risks ($391,135)	3,631,099
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on $741,465,131 of Old Business, and Miscellaneous Expenditures	4,770,391
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year	13,982,145
Total	$41,793,084

INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In Force, December 31, 1896	299,785	$826,816,648
New Insurance Paid for, 1897	63,708	135,555,794
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1897	699	2,007,825
TOTALS	364,192	$964,380,267
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c	31,234	87,359,342
IN FORCE DEC. 31, 1897	332,958	$877,020,925
Gain in 1897	33,173	$50,204,277
New Applications Declined in 1897	9,310	25,020,936

COMPARISON FOR SIX YEARS.

(1891-1897.)

	Dec. 31st, 1891.	Dec. 31st, 1897.	Gain in Six Years.
Assets	$125,947,290	$200,694,440	$74,747,150
Income	31,854,194	41,793,084	9,938,890
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders	1,260,340	2,434,981	1,174,641
Number of Policy-holders	182,803	332,958	150,155
Insurance in force, premiums paid	$575,689,649	$877,020,925	$301,331,276

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

Albany, January 6, 1898.

I, LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1897, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $164,956,079.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that the admitted assets are

$200,694,440.89.

The general liabilities, $2,366,330.49. The Net Policy Reserve, as calculated by this Department,

$164,956,079.00.

The Surplus Reserved Fund voluntarily set aside by the Company, which, added to the Department Policy Valuation, provides a liability equivalent to a three-per-cent. reserve on all policies,

$16,195,926.00.

The Net Surplus (excluding the Surplus Reserved Fund of $16,195,926),

$17,176,105.40.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.

AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* **Harper's Weekly.**

On his trip across the Continent he collected data for a series of articles on amateur athletics in the West.

ATHLETIC RECRUITS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

Here in this great section of the West, which, athletically speaking, may be said to beginin the north at Butte City, Montana, and to extend south to Pueblo, Colorado, with Denver (Colorado) as an eastern and Salt Lake City (Utah) as a western boundary, we find the conditions that faced amateur sport on its introduction differing considerably from those met with in the Missouri Valley.

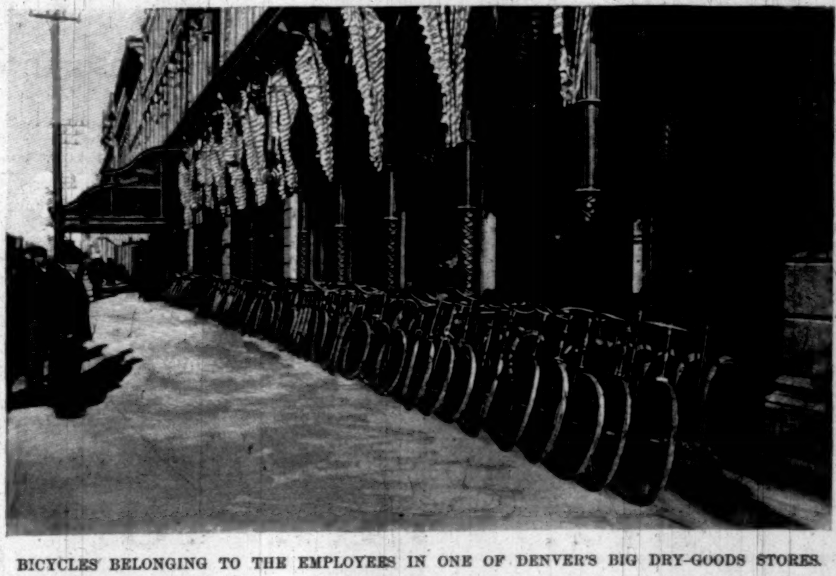
In the Missouri Valley the athletic movement encountered the prejudices and long-settled habits of a comparatively indigenous race. In the section of which Denver may be taken as the pivotal trade-point and the athletic nucleus, the spreading wave of amateur sport found an exotic people whose veins pulsed with the blood of rivalry and progression. Here, among other pioneers of equally ambitious if of less pretentious lineage, came the best blood of the East to join in the "Winning of the New West," if I may borrow the happy title of Theodore Roosevelt's very interesting history. Back in the Missouri Valley pioneer days had become a reminiscence. There was no time nor thought for sport in those first days of Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. Men hunted game for food, and sometimes the Indian for self-preservation. The days of the pioneer of this section were filled with toil, and his nights oftentimes spent anxiously. The miner and the cowboy were a resolute vanguard that held the outposts, while another, equally earnest, builded towns and laid the connecting rails of trade—and gold was the watchword of all.

When Colorado became a State—in 1876, if my memory is correct—the athletic movement in the United States had not been set in motion. The old Association game of football was about passing away, and Harvard had just introduced the Rugby Union game, as learned from the Canadians. Track athletics, baseball, and rowing were well under way at the larger colleges of the extreme East, but west of the Alleghany Mountains organized sport was an unknown quantity, except in California, where Association football was played by several schools, and picnic games composed the end and all of track athletics. It is a pleasure to refer to those days of California sport, for, to my certain knowledge, there was not even a suspicion of unwholesomeness. I speak advisedly, having captained a school fifteen and frequently run at picnic games, where the prizes were usually small articles of little intrinsic value, and oftentimes nothing more material than a ribbon rosette.

THE DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB.

The athletic movement—for no more fitting name suggests itself—as we know it to-day from East to West, really extends over no longer a period than the last ten years. And what a revolution it is accountable for! It seems incredible that in '86 the sport of the country was confined to a very small section on the Atlantic seaboard. However, I am wandering from Colorado.

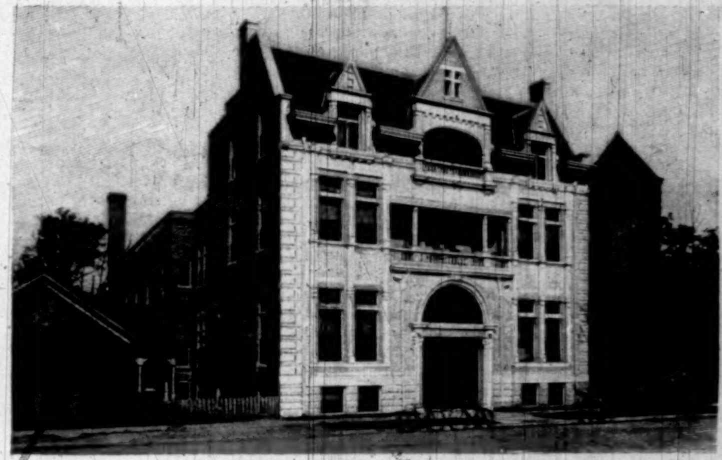
The first attempt at any organized athletics of which I have ever heard in this Rocky Mountain section was made some time along in '85–6, in Denver, by a number of restive spirits, of whom I happened to be one. We sent East for a bat or two and some balls, and for a time played on an improvised diamond back of Capitol Hill, which is now the most desirable residential quarter of the city and entirely built up, but then was an open prairie. Denver then had a population of about thirty or forty thousand; now it has a population of 150,000. Our baseball did not last long, only a few weeks, for our several various business interests, or search of them, led us many different ways—some to the mines, some to the cow-ranch, and some to the railroad survey parties that were pushing out in many directions.



BICYCLES BELONGING TO THE EMPLOYEES IN ONE OF DENVER'S BIG DRY-GOODS STORES.

Denver's first actual recognition of the athletic wave came several years later—about in '90, after the youngsters of those who came with the first settlers had returned from Eastern colleges, and they in turn, perhaps, had implanted the athletic spirit in their own youngsters at school. There were several so-called clubs at different points which existed only in name, and shortly lost that, but the first substantial institution of an athletic nature was the Denver Athletic Club.

Until within the last couple of years this was the only club even in name, and is, in fact, to-day the only athletic club of importance in the entire Rocky Mountain district. I pass over the Butte Club—an aggregation of football-players hitherto more professional than amateur. There are bicycling clubs, of course, wherever there are towns and level country roads, and I am quite sure there must be more bicycles in Denver than in any other town of its population in this country. Not to ride a bicycle in Denver, indeed, is almost to attract attention. The streets are filled with them, and in the shopping district tradespeople provide for their storage. The Denver Wheel Club is quite the most prominent of its kind, and has recently acquired a handsome club-house. There is a Knickerbocker Wheel Club in Cheyenne, Wyoming—of less importance—and excellent tracks everywhere, even at Cañon City, Colorado, and Salt Lake City, Utah.



THE NEW DENVER WHEEL CLUB BUILDING.

Leadville and Pueblo, Colorado, have combination bicycling and athletic clubs, which hold races and play baseball, but neither exploits a very high order of sport, and both are committed to Sunday games.

The army cuts quite a figure in athletics in this district. At Fort D. A. Russell a football eleven composed of officers and privates is maintained, and baseball is a near possibility. Last spring the Department of Colorado held at Denver the first athletic meet in the Western history of the army. Entries were made from the various posts in New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, and the meet not only was successful, but attracted wide attention in army circles. We of New York saw last winter, at the Madison Square Garden, what Lieutenant Butts has accomplished in practical athletics applied to military service, and here in the Rocky Mountains Lieutenant Langhorne—now in Arizona—has been working along the same lines, and with equally satisfactory results. At Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, further test is being given the practical value of athletics in both the infantry and cavalry, and with the same report of success.

The introduction of athletics into the army at such widely separated points as Governors Island (New York), Fort Leavenworth (Kansas), and Fort Russell (Wyoming), is both significant and portentous. So if a policy, seemingly narrow to the average civilian's mind, keeps the United States Military and the Naval Academy elevens apart, at least the spirit of the game, acquired during cadet days, lives to enjoy greater liberty and usefulness.

Apart from the colleges of Colorado, there may be said to be no track athletics in the Rocky Mountain district, and, other than the play furnished by the teams of the Denver Athletic Club and those of Fort Russell, there is no amateur football worthy of note. This is not because there is no sporting spirit in the land, but rather because of the newness of the game. Available playing material is the urgent need of Colorado club athletics. Business and family cares have lessened the number of men whose enthusiasm membered and supported the first teams of the Denver Athletic Club, and few have been forth-coming to take their places.

The problem of the Colorado clubs, or rather of the Denver Athletic Club—for at present there is none other of consequence—concerns the athletic recruiting-field of the future. If the sport is to be conducted on healthful lines, there must be some other dependency than the annual expedient of attaching stray players of passing skill, or of trusting to the continued service of men upon whom the more serious affairs of life are pressing. And this problem faces every club in the United States whose directors purpose maintaining an honest amateur standard.

There are, of course, always to be had, for a consideration, the services of certain types of athletes, and these have been the main dependency up till now of a majority of athletic-club teams. These are the men whom we find one year at Denver, the next at Kansas City, the following perhaps at Seattle, or some other place equally distant: the men so lacking in self-respect that the approach of the athletic procurer is greeted with the glad hand rather than with a "right-hander" from the shoulder; the men whom we find posing as "indigent students" in Eastern colleges, to the consternation of all friends of healthful university sport; the men who are gathered in from other and smaller colleges. This kind of athlete is a wanderer over the length and breadth of the land. At best he is but a makeshift, and at worst his is a vitiating influence in the athletic atmosphere. There is no appealing to the moral sense of such men. They are moral idiots. So long as there are clubs to support them—by "loans" from individual members of clubs, by giving them so-called "positions," or by giving them board and lodging—so long will this type of athlete sell his service to the highest bidder.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the club which becomes a party to this kind of dishonest athletics will never attain a permanent success in amateur sport. It may turn out a winning team this year, next year, maybe even the year following, but it is a fictitious prosperity. A winning eleven has been secured, perhaps, but at the cost of genuine pride in its achievements; there is no thrill in the victory. The club members may have attended the game, and "rooted" for the team bearing the club's name, but the real interest in the eleven's work or in the sport itself is lacking. There is no way so certain to narrow the legitimate recruiting-field of an athletic club as the engagement of "tramp" players, or men who barter their athletic prowess for cash or its equivalent—such as a "job," or board and lodging—during playing season.

To clubs desirous of putting forth representative teams on purely amateur lines the question of developing material is an important and somewhat perplexing one. The average young man, on graduation from college, settles to whatever business or profession he may have chosen for his life's work. Occasionally his work is of a character that permits of him keeping up his athletics for, say, a year, but generally, and especially in large commercial centres, he finds it needful at once to buckle down to serious and earnest endeavor if he hopes to achieve a measure of success. Therefore it does not appear that clubs may count on men after they have left college, nor during their college days, since, as a rule, they then naturally prefer their own college or class teams.

The solution of the problem seems to me to be found in the schools, preparatory and otherwise, nearest the clubs. Here, in my judgment, is the natural recruiting-field of athletic clubs, available through the establishment of a junior membership, and a small expenditure at the club grounds to make them attractive. A junior membership may not be established, however, without much serious discussion of the prevailing local conditions, and a thorough understanding by the local public and by the club members of the precise purpose of such a departure and the relation of the juniors to the club. For instance, a junior membership should by no possible misinterpretation be confounded with that present-day professional auxiliary—an athletic membership. The development of an athletic interest among the juniors should never be lost sight of, but the mere acquisition of football or baseball players should not be the proclaimed or the real reason for the institution of the junior membership.

On the other hand, it certainly would be unwise to give boys of eighteen the liberty of a club-house, with its bar and billiards and those other kindred attachments that appear to be needful to the modern athletic club. The feasible manner of cultivating a junior membership appears to be through an attractive athletic field. Let the gymnasium in the club-house be opened to the juniors during the early hours of the day, when the older members are seldom using it, or let the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, until, say, five o'clock, be given up to the juniors—the club can well afford it—but the main feature of attraction for the juniors should be the athletic field. Here there should be dressing-rooms, lockers, showers, and a lounging-room, supplied with wholesome literature, and games for rainy afternoons. The field itself should have a baseball diamond, a football gridiron, lawn-tennis courts, a bicycle track, and accommodations for whatever other sport is wished. There should be an efficient groundsman, and the field kept up in first-class style. This would cost clubs already fairly well equipped very little additional outlay, and the returns in athletic interest, in increased regular membership, as the juniors grow into manhood, would be very considerable.

A careful canvass should be made of local schools, and only the very best class of boys admitted to junior privileges, at a small initiation fee—something like ten dollars, for instance—and nominal dues of about two dollars a month. Such a plan must better the present flagging interest in athletic clubs, and create an athletic prosperity never yet attained. To all athletic clubs in the country junior membership, on the lines I have drawn, would be of immeasurable benefit, but they are of especial value—of actual need, in point of fact—to the clubs of isolated athletic sections, such as Denver represents. They may seem to possess insurmountable difficulties, but careful study will show them to be within the possibilities. The Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York has already proved not only the recruiting possibilities of the scholastic field, but the possibility of conducting the sport of a large athletic club on healthful lines. What the Knickerbocker Club has done, other athletic clubs can do, provided they set out with an equally healthful mind.

When a junior membership becomes an actuality in Colorado, then, and it seems to me not until then, will there be healthful and natural activity in athletics, with clubs at Pueblo and Colorado Springs and Leadville to furnish competition with the Denver Athletic Club. And college sport would also be benefited. There is no league athletically joining the three colleges—Colorado University (Colorado Springs), University of Colorado (Boulder), and State School of Mines (Golden)—but inter-collegiate contests are the intention, and frequently the result. Football is the chief interest, and Boulder usually puts forth the best team of the three. There is material enough for greater participation in baseball and track athletics. At all three an effort for wholesome sport is making, and with gratifying results. The college teams no longer play their coaches, except on occasion against the Denver Athletic Club; they have made a four-year eligibility rule—although a scholarship-standard rule is wanting—and the outlook from every view-point is hopeful.

The Denver Athletic Club has more often than not employed the usual athletic-club methods of strengthening its teams—to wit, providing positions for such wandering players as could be induced to temporary residence in Denver. It has not been so grave an offender as some clubs, but its team of about every year has supported one of this kind of athlete. There is a strong sentiment in the club favoring sport for its own sake, rather than for the mere sake of victory, and I look for improvement. I commend the junior-membership idea to the Denver Athletic Club.

A new factor in Denver football this year is the Denver Wheel Club. As it is setting out, it will hardly be a desirable addition to amateur sport. It has brought out the Lafayette (Easton, Pennsylvania) man Holmes, and given him a position at $75 per month as "assistant secretary" of the club. Holmes is to be the nucleus of the football team! The Denver Wheel Club's idea of the ethics of amateur sport is perhaps the better illustrated by a glance at its constitution, which provides that "ten per cent." of its members "may be professionals." Why stop at ten per cent., indeed? We suppose Holmes is the beginning of the "ten per cent." class.

Perhaps there is more good amateur sport at Colorado Springs than elsewhere in this district—a picturesquely situated country club, with a very sporty golf links, genuine amateur baseball, and 'cross-country riding over the finest course in America, sometimes after paper, sometimes after rabbits.

Big game is not so plentiful as it once was, perhaps, but it is yet to be found in numbers sufficiently great to satisfy the sportsman. The game-butcher in Colorado has been run to earth.

Denver, Colorado, *October 2, 1897.*

THE ALASKAN PACK-TRAIN.

Orders were received at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, at eight o'clock P. M., on December the twenty-second, from the Quartermaster-General of the army, sending Thomas Mooney, chief packer of the army, and his crew of eleven men and sixty-two pack-mules, to Alaska to aid in carrying supplies to Dawson City. The order was for the train to move immediately to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, fully equipped for one year's field service.

At Vancouver Barracks the train will be increased by several small trains from the Departments of the Platte and the Columbia, and as soon as possible will sail from Seattle for Dyea, Alaska. The train will be used to carry supplies from Dyea to the pass, from which point the supplies will be taken over the pass and into Dawson City by the reindeer now *en route* from Lapland.

The amount carried by each mule is from three hundred to three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and Mr. Mooney expects to have fifty thousand pounds of supplies at the foot of the pass before the reindeer arrive.

The train left Fort Russell, Wyoming, by "special," at five o'clock P. M. the twenty-third.

Fred H. Sargent,
First Lieutenant, Eighth U. S. Infantry.

THE PREOBRAYENSKY BUTTON.

The famous Preobrayensky Regiment—a division of the Russian service of particular smartness—lately allowed its regimental band to visit Paris. Notice has been drawn to the fact that the regiment is one not only derived from chapters in the early life and perils of Peter the Great, but conservative in all customs that can continue its individuality. As a detail, the uniform of the regiment must never be entirely buttoned; one button must always be unfastened. When the Tsar Paul I. was dressing himself hastily one day in a Preobrayensky uniform he overlooked the button and button-hole in question. "Bah!" said the Tsar, half in fun, "I like the tunic the better unfastened there." Within a quarter of an hour after he had appeared on the parade-ground every member of the Preobrayensky Regiment had unbuttoned the lowest button of his tunic. The custom has remained unbroken since. Furthermore, for an officer or a private to cut off and give away the unused button (of course with an immediate substitute put in the vacant place) is considered the highest occult compliment he can bestow on a friend or a sweetheart. "The Preobrayensky button" is almost as special an adornment as a "button" of a quite different kind—the Aleppo one.

THE GOLFER QUIESCENT;

OR,

RETROSPECT AND FORECAST.

RETROSPECT.

The northeast winds begin to blow,
The gutters all with rain o'erflow,
The clouds yet promise more.
And golfers lay their clubs to rest—
Save where, by milder climates blest,
They still keep shouting "Fore!"

But sure no sport is worth the name,
If recollection do not claim
The thoughts of its "elect";
Golfers who hold down office chairs
Have still—to mitigate their cares,
The sense of retrospect.

What things they boldly tried to do,
(Yet somehow failed to join the few
Inscribed on silver cup)
They contemplate with long-drawn sighs;
The future then apostrophize,
While mourning yields to hope.

FORECAST.

When once again we take our stand
Beside the little pile of sand
And swing the fateful staff,
Our eye shall never leave the ball,
Nor eager mind the stroke forestall—
And thus we shall not "sclaff."

Ditches nor ponds, where'er they lie,
Shall henceforth lure the wandering eye,
Nor rocks that far outcrop;
We'll just forget them all complete,
And grip the ground with both our feet—
And save the costly "top."

And never will we heave and strain
To "swat" the ball with might and main,
But swing with self-control
And with discrimination nice
That will avoid both "hook" and "slice"
Which war against the soul.

And when we find a "cuppy lie,"
We will not with the "brassie" try
To get two hundred yards,
But with the "mashie" deftly "jerk"—
That is the club that does the work,
And leaves its kind regards.

L'ENVOI.

They who next year against us strive,
Will need to be twofold alive,
If they would hold their forts:
They'll meet with foes of tranquil mind,
To good or evil fortune blind—
Philosophers and sports.

C. Wh.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GENUINE HAS THIS COUPON

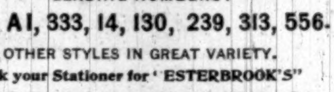
DON'T let Whisky get the best of you.
Get the BEST of Whisky, which is the Genuine Distillery Bottling of
OLD PEPPER WHISKY
And OLD HENRY CLAY RYE
Bottled and Distilled ONLY by
JAS. E. PEPPER & CO., Lexington, Ky.
Under the same Formula for more than 100 YEARS, is
Guaranteed absolutely the PUREST and BEST in the World.
SAMPLE CASE - $15.00 Sent on trial, which, if not satisfactory, can be returned and money will be refunded.
Read and save the Coupons on Old Pepper Whisky and Old Henry Clay Rye, and see who gets the $5,500 in addition to the $1.00 per dozen.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS
Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.
Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial Cake for 2c. stamp.
THE ONLY REAL SHAVING SOAPS
THE LATHER HAS MADE THEM FAMOUS
J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury, Ct., U.S.A.
London
64 Great Russell St.
Sidney
161 Clarence St.
Williams' Soaps are for sale everywhere, but if your dealer does not supply you, we will mail them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S
It is really no exaggeration to say that it is the best illustrated magazine that has ever been published in the English language.—The Chap-Book, Chicago.
From the first issue up to the present time it has been the same bright, clean, interesting and instructive publication, steadily growing in excellence each year, until to-day it has no equal either in this land or any other.—Christian Work.
MAGAZINE

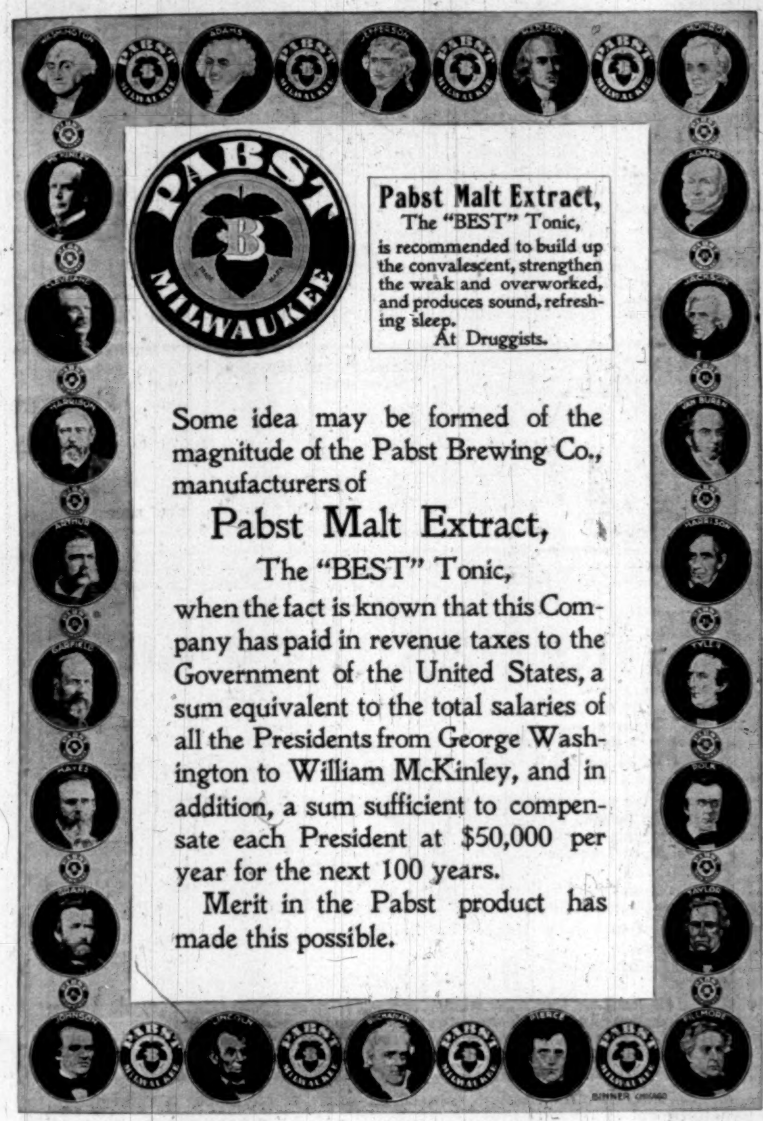
PENNSYLVANIA R. R.
PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS
SPECIAL TRAINS OF SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT.
CALIFORNIA
January 27, $310. February 16 (Mardi Gras Tour), $335. March 19, $210; one way, $150.
FLORIDA
January 25, Feb'y 8, Feb'y 22, March 8. Rate, $50.
Also Tours to Washington, Old Point Comfort, & Richmond
For Itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; or address GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad St. Station, Phila.
J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

ESTERBROOK'S
STEEL PENS,



The Best Pens Made.
LEADING NUMBERS:
048, A1, 333, 14, 130, 239, 313, 556.
OTHER STYLES IN GREAT VARIETY.
Ask your Stationer for "ESTERBROOK'S"
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. *26 John Street, N. Y.*

THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps). Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*



Pabst Malt Extract,
The "BEST" Tonic,
is recommended to build up the convalescent, strengthen the weak and overworked, and produces sound, refreshing sleep.
At Druggists.

Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the Pabst Brewing Co., manufacturers of

Pabst Malt Extract,

The "BEST" Tonic,

when the fact is known that this Company has paid in revenue taxes to the Government of the United States, a sum equivalent to the total salaries of all the Presidents from George Washington to William McKinley, and in addition, a sum sufficient to compensate each President at $50,000 per year for the next 100 years.

Merit in the Pabst product has made this possible.

Rhine
Violets
No 4711
FERD. MÜLHENS, COLOGNE
U.S. AGENTS, MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N.Y.
C.S.W. N.Y.

No 4711. ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS

"A lasting scent of rare Fragrance and Delicacy. Has all the true odor of fresh natural Violets.

BE SURE AND GET "No 4711"

No 4711 RHINE VIOLET TOILET WATER the latest novelty.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U.S. AGENTS.

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

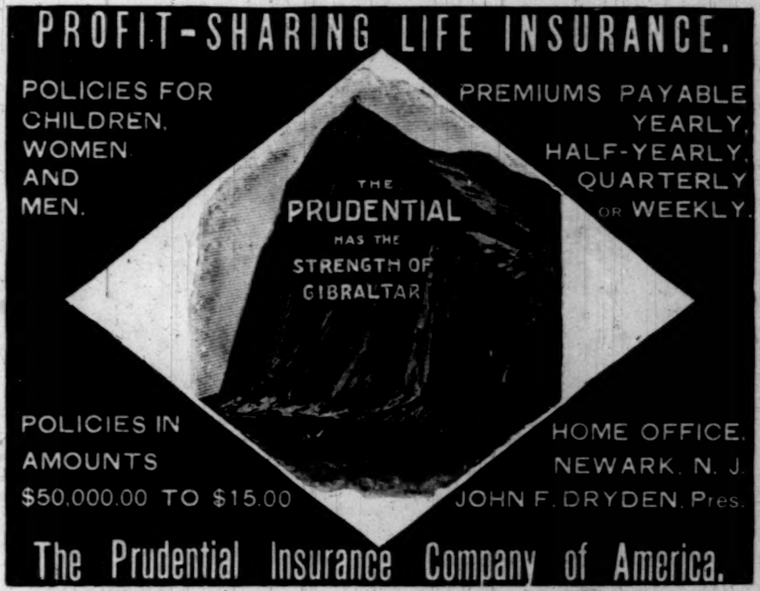
PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $113,000,000. Assets, $31,600,000.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

FREDERICK GLASSUP Sole Agent for the U.S. 22 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK



PROFIT-SHARING LIFE INSURANCE.

POLICIES FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE YEARLY, HALF-YEARLY, QUARTERLY OR WEEKLY.

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

POLICIES IN AMOUNTS $50,000.00 TO $15.00

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

CARSTAIRS RYE
BOTTLED BY CARSTAIRS McCALL & CO. PHILADELPHIA

CARSTAIRS RYE

Formerly favorably known, for 50 years, as the original Monongahela Monogram.

FOR SALE GENERALLY.

A Century Favorite

CARSTAIRS McCALL & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
HOUSE ESTABLISHED 1788.

Great Western

GREAT WESTERN THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.

For Particulars, Prices, etc., address

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
RHEIMS, STEUBEN CO., NEW YORK.
H. B. KIRK & CO., Agents, 69 Fulton Street, also Broadway and 27th Street, N. Y.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR (Czar's Violets) CONCENTRATED PERFUMES

LATEST NOVELTIES SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED:

ROYAL ŒILLET (carnation) — GRANDE DUCHESSE, FUNKIA of JAPAN

L. LEGRAND (ORIZA-PERFUMERY), 11, Place de la Madeleine, PARIS

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE TOILET POWDER—CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY

VIOLETTE DE LA REINE

Leading druggists and department stores now sell it, or send 12 cents in stamps for a small sample to

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Wholesale Agents, 22-24 Washington Place, New York City.

The 16-ft. **KLONDIKE SPECIAL** boat folds into cylinder 5 ft. x 10 in. diam. Carries safely 1500 lbs. Adopted by **Canadian Government** for **N. W. M. Police** in **Alaska.** Used by **Major Walsh, Governor of Klondike.** Send for photo of boat carrying 10 persons, and testimonials about **ACMES** running safely the **Yukon Rapids.** There will be 1000 Acmes on **Yukon** next summer.

Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact.

EXTENDED
FOLDED

Send for Illust'd Catalog.

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of famous people. Send for price-lists.
WALTER R. BENJAMIN, 1125 Broadway, New York City.

RUPTURE—Its Radical Cure. Book of information 10c. Address S. J. Sherman, Hernia Specialist, 29 E. 2d St. Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

ONE DOLLAR Most fascinating game for long winter evenings.
Send for circular. B. ADAMS, Charleston, S. C.

Hunter Baltimore Rye

10 YEARS OLD

The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

Perfectly Matured and Mellow.
Rich, Pure Flavor.

Tonical and Restorative,
Endorsed by Physicians.

At all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.